

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1877.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.<sup>1</sup>

FOUR years ago Charles Kingsley contributed to these pages a short paper in memory of the great teacher whom he owned as his master, and whom he had followed, obeyed, and defended, for a quarter of a century, with all the devotion and courage of his strong and loving nature. The central figure of the group of friends who had been bound together for many years in work of one kind or another, and who had been from the first the mainstay of this Magazine, had lately gone to his rest. It was felt indeed that no one could ever fill the vacant place, but that at any rate one was still amongst us who could give here some adequate expression to the loving and trustful loyalty which had gathered round Mr. Maurice in his life, and had so lately met over his grave. And how true was the instinct! and with what power and subtlety the work was done, and the thoughts which were labouring in many hearts caught and set in a few clear-cut and tender words! The pupil followed his master all too soon, but left no one who can do the like work for him. But at least one may apply to himself his own noble words of tribute to his master, and say of him too that "he had wasted no time, but died like a valiant man, at his work, and of his work," full, to the end of his days, of tenderness and of strength, of "that *θυμός*, that

capacity of indignation which Plato says is the root of all virtue, . . . of that humility and self-distrust, combined so strangely with manful strength and sternness, which drew to him humble souls, self-distrustful souls, who, like himself, were full of the 'divine discontent;' that he lived as perhaps all men should live—angry with themselves, ashamed of themselves, and more and more angry and ashamed as their own ideal grew, and with it their consciousness of defection from that ideal."

The *Letters and Memories* which have just been published by Mrs. Kingsley bring his loss again vividly before us; and while carrying back into scenes of past years, into the midst of battles that have been long fought and won, and of controversies which look strange in the light of to-day, have taught us how little we really knew of the man after all. We could have been glad to have studied the book in silence, were it not that silence might be misinterpreted in this place.

It is not now our intention to attempt to condense the history of his life in all its many phases; still less to answer any of the criticisms, theories, or analyses, which have already appeared in such abundance. The story has been told, and the character analysed again and again, since the book appeared, from different standpoints; and, so far as we have seen, with a sympathy and fairness which leaves little to be

<sup>1</sup> Charles Kingsley: *his Letters, and Memories of his Life*. Edited by his Wife. 2 vols. Henry S. King & Co., 1877.

desired. Each narrative has brought out some side of the man more clearly, and each analysis has added something to our understanding of his character. That much remains still in shadow is in the nature of things, and no fault of the editor, or of her commentators and critics. No man probably can be perfectly reproduced in a biography, and the bigger and more many-sided the man was, the harder the task becomes. But though we cannot get a perfect likeness, we may get one which is true in the main, and as far as it goes, and that is what Mrs. Kingsley has given us with rare tact and success. Far from having drawn back the veil too far, we can only regret, while bowing loyally to her decision, that she has not been able to give us more of his home life, and letters to herself and his children. For, after all, this is the finest ore in the mine, and for it we could well have spared much that friends have contributed, and his own opinions, valuable and suggestive as they are upon subjects lying outside his own peculiar work. All that we should wish or can hope to do, is, by a touch here and there to make the picture perhaps a little clearer.

And first, a word with respect to the startling contrast which has struck so many readers. Even amongst the earliest letters, when he was in the heyday of his strength, drinking in life at every pore, rejoicing in intellectual and physical exertion of all kinds, and revelling in the sights and sounds of nature, there are frequent references to death as a welcome relief. What is the meaning of this puzzle? Those who know *The Saint's Tragedy* will not have shared the surprise, for they will remember the beautiful opening of Scene ix. Act 2, where Elizabeth and Lewis are sitting together, and she sings the song which ends—

"Oh! that we two were sleeping  
In our nest in the churchyard sod,  
With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's  
breast,  
And our souls at home with God!"

This undertone of weariness, and

longing for rest, was no doubt a feature in his character from the first. It had its root probably in the rare combination in him of the artistic and scientific temperaments. No man enjoyed the "common things of sky and earth" more keenly; but, unlike Wordsworth's ideal poet, he was not

"Content if suffered to enjoy  
The things which others understand."

He had an eager longing to understand as well as to enjoy, and his splendid powers of observation were setting him every day innumerable questions, which haunted him until he had satisfied himself as to their meaning. Thus even his favourite relaxation, fishing, was not a thorough rest to him as it should have been. Something was sure to happen which set his mind to work. For instance, on one cold autumn day, which had been blank till the afternoon, a friend began to catch fish on a queer little bright blue fly, tied out of pure caprice, and like nothing under the sun. But Kingsley insisted that there must be a reason for it, and set about to discover what it was, hunting up and down the banks for an hour to find the real fly for which the fish must be taking it, and pondering over the unsolved problem at intervals for weeks afterwards. And so though no man enjoyed a holiday more, it was enjoyment which very rarely took the form of thorough rest from mental effort. There was scarcely a moment of his life in which he was not on the stretch, and at hard work; and it was thus that, while he managed to live three or four lives in one, he was rarely free from the sensation of overstrain, and the longing to be free from it.

The fishing excursion in 1856, referred to in some detail at the end of vol. I., may be taken as a fair example of this insatiable and uncontrollable activity. He went sorely needing relaxation, and resolved to do nothing and think of nothing but fishing and lying in the sun on the hillside. He came back at the end of a long week with tins crammed with the flora of Snowdonia,

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fifty problems about them on which to question Dr. Hooker and his other scientific friends, and the plot of *Two Years Ago* worked out in his head.

In one of the most able notices of the *Life* (*Fortnightly Review*, January, 1877) the writer speaks of the letters and verses connected with this expedition as among the very best things which Kingsley ever did or inspired. We need make no excuse therefore for perfecting the series of the latter by giving one other short piece, which followed soon after "The Invitation," printed at p. 140 of vol. i. In the meantime Kingsley had been inquiring of Mr. Froude, then residing in Ireland, but who was familiar with Snowdonia, as to the resources and advantages of that charming region as a fishing station. The result had been somewhat discouraging; but the gloomy picture of the chances of slaying big trout or salmon in North Wales had been accompanied by a kind and pressing invitation from Mr. Froude to the friends to come to him in Ireland, where he could guarantee they should get all and more than they were hoping for in the Welsh lakes and streams. Kingsley forwarded the letter, with the following postscript from himself:—

"Oh, Mr. Froude, how wise and good,  
To point us out this way to glory—  
They're no great shakes, those Snowdon  
lakes,

And all their pounders myth and story.  
Blow Snowdon! what's Lake Gwynant to  
Killarney,

Or spluttering Welsh to tender blarney,  
blarney, blarney!"

"So, Thomas Hughes, sir, if you choose,  
I'll tell you where we think of going,  
To 'swate and far o'er cliff and scar,  
Hear horns of Elfland faintly blowing;  
Blow Snowdon! there's a hundred lakes to  
try in,  
And fresh caught salmon daily, frying, frying,  
frying."

"Geology and botany,  
A hundred wonders shall diskiver,  
We'll flog and troll in strid and hole,  
And skim the cream of lake and river.  
Blow Snowdon! give me Ireland for my  
pennies,  
Hurrah! for salmon, grilse, and Dennis, Dennis,  
Dennis."

There has probably been no one since Barham with the same power of tossing whatever subject he was writing or thinking about into playful rhyme, full of fun bubbling up from the most unlooked for sources. A volume of them might be collected from his correspondence, touching all sorts of subjects, but for the most part only of local or private interest. Some, however, were upon public events of more or less importance, and show how keenly and shrewdly he was watching the strife of politics amidst all his other occupations. Permission has been given to print a specimen of these, which may fairly bear comparison with the best political squibs of our day. It needs perhaps a word of explanation.

Up to the time of Lord Palmerston's differences with his Whig colleagues, in 1853, that statesman had never been looked upon by Kingsley with any great liking or respect. But after he had left the Foreign for the Home Office his vigorous action in sanitary matters began to draw the parson to him, until the famous answer to the Presbytery of Edinburgh on the subject of a national fast-day fairly took Kingsley by storm, and converted him into a loyal follower. He would repeat with delight passages from that memorable document, such as: "It does not appear to Lord Palmerston that a national fast would be suitable to the circumstances of the present moment." "The Maker of the universe has established certain laws of nature for the planet in which we live, and the weal or woe of mankind depends upon the observance or neglect of these laws. One of those laws connects health with the absence of gaseous exhalations which proceed from overcrowded human beings, or from decomposing substances, whether animal or vegetable." . . . "Lord Palmerston would therefore suggest that the best course which the people of this country can pursue to deserve that the further progress of the cholera should be stayed, will be to employ the interval between the present time and next spring in planning and executing measures by which those parts of their towns and

cities which are inhabited by the poorer classes may be freed from those causes and sources of contagion which, if allowed to remain, will infallibly breed pestilence, and be fruitful in death, in spite of all the prayers and fastings of a united, but inactive, nation. When man has done his utmost for his own safety, it will be time to invoke the blessing of Heaven to give effect to his exertions." This was statesmanship after Kingsley's own heart, and so he sided strongly with Lord Palmerston in his quarrel with the Whigs; and when the late Lord Derby was endeavouring to form an administration and had asked Lord Palmerston to join his Cabinet, Kingsley was full of hope that the coalition might be effected, and the hope, as was common with him, ran itself into verse. The supposed poet, "Jan Hamblin," was an "old gamester" of North Devon, who had been renowned in the wrestling rings of the west country when he was a boy. Rowcliffe, we need hardly say, was the Tiverton butcher, Lord Palmerston's constant opponent:—

"Come, listen now, untu my story,  
Yarl of Derby and your party,  
Az d'unt know whether you're Whig or  
Tory—  
No wonder you can't play gay and hearty.  
Bow, wow, wow!  
Derby take him now,  
Take him while he's in the humour,  
For *that's* now.

"In Devon land there lieth a moor,  
And by that moor there runneth a river,  
And on it a town both old and poor  
Stands looking on the trout in the dusky  
Tiver.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

"But in that town's a wrast'lin' man,  
Wuth more to it nor goulden riches—  
And I'd like to see even Abram Cann  
Ketchin' him by the waistband of his  
breeches.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

"He hath a loin like any cat,  
And a pair of shins ez hard ez granite,  
Wich laid our maester Rowcliffe flat,  
Zo azy 'ez a zack waen he began it.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

"But he bein' at grass, and out of his play,  
By reason of a difference with his backers,  
Comes up and steals his belt away,  
By playin' of a cross and tellin' whackers.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

"Now 'n 'ef you means to kep the ring,  
Agen the Pope and the French invasion,  
To give him up the belt is the only thing  
Az 'll kep your heels in the sivation.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

"Jest let our Devon man play first fiddle,  
Give up your tricks and your shifty  
scamblin',  
And the chap az he ketches round the  
middle,  
He'll throw him, az sure az my name's  
Jan Hamblin."  
Bow, wow, wow, &c."

Good as this squib is, it gives little idea of the sort of what I can only call Rabelaisian fit (except that it had no taint of Rabelaisian filth) which used to come upon him frequently in those early days in the company of his intimates, when he reminded one of a great full-grown Newfoundland yearling dog out for an airing, plunging in and out of the water, and rushing against and shaking himself over ladies' silks and velvets, dandies' polished boots, or schoolboys' rough jackets; and all with a rollicking good humour which disarmed anger, and carried away the most precise persons into momentary enjoyment of the tumbling. But even when mirth was most fast and furious, he could "come to heel" (as he would have said) in a moment, and turn at a hint from Mr. Maurice, or any one whom he respected, to serious and earnest discussion and work.

One more specimen of his fugitive verses may be given here before leaving this part of the subject:—

"Go HARK!

"Yon sound's neither sheep bell nor bark:  
They're running, they're running, Go Hark!  
The sport may be lost by a moment's delay  
So whip up the puppies and scurry away.  
Dash down through the cover by dingle and  
dell,  
There's a gate at the bottom, I know it full  
well;  
And they're running, they're running,  
Go Hark!



"They're running, they're running, Go Hark !  
 One fence and we're out at the park.  
 Sit down in their saddles, and race at the  
 brook,  
 Then smash at the bullfinch ; no time for a  
 look,  
 Leave cravers and skitters to dangle behind,  
 He's away for the moors, in the teeth of the  
 wind,  
 And they're running, they're running,  
 Go Hark !

"They're running, they're running, Go Hark !  
 Let them run on and run on till it's dark !  
 Well with them we are, and well with them  
 we'll be  
 While's there's wind in our horses and day-  
 light to see :  
 Then shog along homeward, chat over the  
 fight,  
 And hear in our dreams the sweet music all  
 night,  
 Of—They're running, they're running,  
 Go Hark !"

Questions have been asked and inferences drawn in respect of one phase of his life on which it may be as well to say a few words here. For some five or six of his most active and vigorous years the promotion of association amongst the poor was his main object, outside of his ordinary every-day parish work. It has been said that his convictions changed on this subject, and that he came to regard his early efforts as blunders. This is an entire mistake, and it is a little surprising that it should have been now made again (as it was in his lifetime) in the face of the evidence which the *Life* furnishes. The correspondence with Mr. John Bullar (vol. ii. pp. 35-9) shows precisely the position he took in 1857, and maintained to the end of his life. He admitted frankly that Mr. Maurice's and his schemes had failed, and that it was very little matter whether they had failed or not. So far as they had failed it was because the working men were not fit for them, and not because they broke any law of nature or of political economy. This he peremptorily denied. That self-interest is a law of human nature is true, but not the root law of human society, which is self-sacrifice. This, the only law upon which human society can be grounded with any hope of prosperity or permanence, must be used to counteract

the other, obedience to which by itself would make the world a cage of wild beasts. Political economy for this purpose is only in its analytic stage, explaining what already exists. It must pass into its synthetic stage before it can claim to be a true science, and learn, by using laws, and counteracting them by others, to produce new forms of society. The failure of a hundred associative schemes would not alter his conviction that they were attempts in the right direction, "And I shall die in that conviction, not having received the promises, but beholding them afar off, and confessing myself a stranger and a pilgrim in a world of *laissez faire* . . . and so I am content to have failed. I have learned in the experiment priceless truths concerning myself, my fellow-men and the city of God, which is eternal in the heavens, for ever coming down among men, and actualising itself more and more in every succeeding age. I see one work to be done ere I die, in which (men are beginning to discover) nature must be counteracted lest she prove a curse and a destroyer, not a blessing and a mother, and that is, sanitary reform. Politics and political economy may go their way for me. If I can help to save the lives of a few thousand working people and their children, I may earn the blessing of God." And so he turned, not from association, but to the one kindred work to which he felt more and more attracted, and pursued it with his wonted vigour till it grew under his hand, and absorbed all his spare thoughts and energies. In this case he had no failure to confess.

There can be little doubt that he would have named the foundation of the classes and exhibitions in connection with the Midland Institute, and the Satley Training College, for teaching the laws and science of health practically, as the most important success he ever achieved—the blue ribbon of his career. The matured plan for the instruction of the teachers in Common Schools only came to him in October, 1874, three months before his death, but it lit up that time of supreme trial,

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sanitation  
& health

satisfied him that the heaven was working rightly in the midland counties, and made him long for the time when there should be Professors of the Science of Health at the universities, and every young landowner and candidate for orders should be obliged to attend these lectures.

His wife conjectures hesitatingly, that as others of his dreams have been realised, "perhaps this, too, may, when the day dawns in which man's body, the temple of the Holy Spirit, will be considered as divine as his soul—the workmanship of one's Creator, in whose sight both are equally sacred." And every man and woman who looks the facts and needs of our day and country fairly in the face, must heartily echo the hope, for the realisation of it lies at the root of the reform most needed for England and all countries. In our time of high pressure, every year becoming higher and more severe, when the brains of boys and girls are constantly in danger of being overtaxed by foolish mothers in the nursery, as well as by schoolmasters and governesses afterwards, no reformer or philanthropist can do, or devote themselves to a higher work than teaching growing boys and girls what they safely can, and what they cannot, do with their bodies. There is no part of our present curriculum which might not be exchanged with untold benefit to the nation, for such courses in physiology as Kingsley pleaded for—happily in at least two instances with a success which is bearing practical fruit. If in the next generation our boys and young men learn what true self-restraint means, the influence of food, drink, and exercise on the body, and the influence of the body on the mind—how all these things are to be used, and where the abuse of them comes in—the England of 1900 will be indeed far more like the England of Kingsley's dreams, and the change will be due at least as much to his example and words as to those of any teacher or reformer who has yet appeared amongst us.

It must often have occurred to his friends that his own intense anxiety

and earnestness on this subject were in some measure owing to the want or neglect of such knowledge in the case of his own early training. But whether his own experience inspired his last and most earnest teaching or not, it remains as a precious legacy to all parents, schoolmasters, statesmen, clergy—to every one who has a share in the training of youth—by whom the wants and powers of the body, and its influence on individual, and family, and national morals and life, have been hitherto systematically ignored.

Our space is filled, though so little has been said, and we have only again to thank the editor for what she has given us—the likeness of a man who, through all the phases of his chequered career, in cloud and sunshine, in sickness and in health, through evil report and good report, was faithful with a rare faithfulness to his work as he understood it. First of all to live purely, humbly, and lovingly in his own family, at his own fireside; then to look with open eye, and mind, and heart, at the whole spiritual and material universe which lay around him—in all its mystery and power and beauty, its playfulness and its sadness—and to act and speak out bravely and truthfully the lessons which, under the teaching of God, he read there. And so he was able to preach by example and word, a gospel which was and is sorely needed, and to tell of an ever-present God who was ruling it all, and who would manifest Himself in, and speak strength to, the understanding and heart of every man, woman and child who was willing to hear and heed. That he made many blunders, and fell very short of his own ideal, no one knew better or confessed more frankly than he himself, and his friends have little need to conceal or palliate either blunders or shortcomings. For they can rest in the firm assurance that when the books are opened and the secrets of all hearts revealed, here is one to whom the glad words will be surely spoken by the Master of us all, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

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## YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

PART III.  
CHAPTER VII.

## WHAT THE CHILDREN DID AT THE CASTLE.

THE arrival of the children was an era at Penninghame, from which afterwards everything dated; but the immediate result was a very curious and not very comfortable one. As they had been introduced into the house so they lived in it. Mr. Musgrave never mentioned them, never saw them or appeared to see them, ignored their existence, in short, as completely as if his faculties had been deadened in respect to them. His life was in no way changed indeed; the extraordinary revolution which had been made to everyone else in the house by this change showed all the more strongly from the absolute absence of all effect upon him. He read, he wrote, he studied, he took his usual quiet exercise exactly as he did before, and never owned by a word or look that he was conscious of any alteration in the household. For a little while the children were hushed not to make a noise, and huddled away into corners to keep them out of sight and hearing; but that arrangement was too unnatural to continue, and it very soon happened that their presence was forced upon him by unmistakable signs, by both sight and hearing. But the Squire took not the slightest notice. He looked over their heads and never saw them. His ear was engaged with other sounds, and he did not hear them. By this system of unconsciousness he deprived himself indeed of some evident advantages; for how can you interfere with the proceedings of those whose very existence you ignore? He could not give orders that the children should make less noise, because he professed not to be aware of their presence; nor send them out of

his sight, when he was supposed not to see them; and in consequence this blindness and deafness on his part was perhaps a greater gain to them than to himself. The mental commotion into which he had been thrown by their arrival had never been known to any one but himself. He had a slight illness a few days after—his liver out of order, the doctor said; and so worked off his excitement without disclosing it to any one. After this he resumed his serenity, and completed his heraldic study. The history of the augmentation granted to the Musgraves in the year 1393 in remembrance of the valour of Sir Egidio or Giles Musgrave in the Holy Land made rather a sensation among kindred students. It was a very interesting monograph. Besides being a singularly striking chapter of family history, it was, everybody said, a most interesting contribution to the study of heraldic honours—how and why they were bestowed; especially as concerning augmentations bestowed on the field for acts of valour—a rare and exceptional distinction. The Squire made a little collection of the notices that appeared in the newspapers of his “Monograph,” pasting them into a pretty little book, as is not unusual to amateur authors. He enjoyed them a great deal more than if he had been the author of a great history, and resented criticism with corresponding bitterness. He was very proud of Egidio, or Giles, who died in the fifteenth century; and it did not occur to him that there was any incongruity in feeling this, yet ignoring the little boy up stairs.

And yet day by day it grew more hard to ignore him. Mr. Musgrave in his study, after the enthusiasm of his monograph was over, could not help hearing voices which it was difficult not to remark. The enthusiasm of composi-

tion did a great deal for him, it carried him out of the present. It filled him with a delightful fervour and thrill of intellectual excitement. People who are always writing get used to it, and lose this sense of something fine and great which is the inheritance of the amateur. Even after the shock of that renewed intercourse with the son whom he had cast off, Mr. Musgrave, so long as his work lasted, found himself able to forget everything in the happiness it gave. When he woke in the morning his first thought was of this work which he had to do, and he went to bed with the fumes of his own paragraphs in his head. He was carried away by it. But when all this intellectual commotion was over, and when the *ennui* of having nothing further to do had swallowed up the satisfaction of having finished, as it so soon does, then there came a very difficult interval for the Squire. He had no longer anything to absorb him and keep him comfortably above the circumstances of ordinary life, and as he sat in his library, only reading, only writing a letter, no longer absorbed by any special study, or by the pride and delight of recording in fine language the results of that study, ordinary life stole back, as it has a way of doing. He began to hear the knocks at the door, the ringing of bells, and to wonder who it was; to hear steps going up and down the stairs, to be aware of Eastwood going to and from the dining-room, and the rustle of Mary's dress as she went about the house in the morning, and in the afternoon passed with a soft boom of the swinging door into her favourite hall. The routine of the house came back to the old man. He heard the servants in the kitchen, the ticking of that measured, leisurely old clock in the hall which took about five minutes to spell out the hour. He was not consciously paying any attention to these things. On the contrary, he was secluded from them, rapt in his books, knowing nothing of what was going on; yet he heard them all; and as he sat there through the long winter

days and the still longer winter evenings, when there was rain or storm out of doors, and nothing to break the long, still blank of hours within, a sound would come to him now and then, even before the care of the household relaxed—the cry of a little voice, a running and pattering of small feet, sometimes an outburst of laughter, a small voice of weeping, which stirred strangely in the air about him and vaguely called forth old half-extinct sensations, as one might run over the jarred and half-silent keys of an old piano in the dark. This surprised him at first in his loneliness—then, when he had realised what it was, hurt him a little, rousing old wrath and bitterness, so that he would sometimes lay down his pen or close his book and all the past would come before him—the past in which John his son had disappointed, mocked, insulted, and baffled his father. He would not allow himself to realise the presence of these children in the house, but he could not avoid thinking of the individual who stood between him and them, who was so real while they were so visionary. Always John! He had tried to live for years without thought of him and had been tranquil; it was grievous to be compelled thus to think of him again. This all happened, however, in the seclusion of his own mind, in the quiet of his library, and no one knew anything of it; not his daughter, who thought she knew his looks by heart, nor his servant, who had spelled him out by many guesses in the dark—as servants generally do—and imagined that he had his master at his fingers' ends. But during all this time while these touches were playing upon him, bringing out ghosts of old sensations, muffled sounds and tones forgotten, Mr. Musgrave publicly ignored the fact that there were any children in the house, and contrived not to see them, nor to hear them, with a force of self-government and resolution which, in a nobler cause, would have been beyond all praise.

The effect of the change upon Miss

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Musgrave was scarcely less remarkable, though very different. Her mental and moral education had been of a very peculiar kind. The tragedy which swallowed up her brother had interrupted the soft flowing current of her young life. All had gone smoothly before in the natural brightness of the beginning. And Mary, who had little passion in her temperament, who was more thoughtful than intense, and whose heart had never been awakened by any strong attachment beyond the ties of nature, had borne the interruption better than most people would have borne it, and had done her duty between her offending brother and her enraged father with less strain and violence of suffering than might have been involved. And she had got through the more quiet years since without bitterness, with a self-adaptation to the primitive monotony of existence which was much helped, as most such virtues are, by temperament. She had formed her own theory of life as most people do by the time they reach even the earliest stages of middle age; and this theory was the philosophical one that happiness, or the calm which does duty for happiness in most mature lives, was in reality very independent of events; that it came from within, not from without; and that life was wonderfully equal, neither bringing so much good, nor so much evil, as people of lively imaginations gave it credit for doing. Thus she had herself lived, not unhappy, except at the very crisis of the family life. She had suffered then. Who could hope (she said to herself) to do other than suffer one time or another in their life? But since then the calm and regularity of existence had come back, the routine which charms time away and brings content. There had been no doubt expectations in her mind which had come to nothing—expectations of more active joy, more actual well-being than had ever fallen to her lot; but these expectations had gradually glided away, and no harm had been done. If she had no intensity of

enjoyment, neither had she any wretchedness. She had enough to do; her life was full, and she was fairly happy. So she said to herself; so she had said many a day to Mr. Pen, who shook his mildly melancholy head and dissented—as far as he ever dissented from anything said by Miss Mary. Her brother was lost—away—wandering in the darkness of the great world, as in a desert. But if he had been near at hand, absorbed in his married life, his wife, who was not of her species, and his unknown children, would not he have been just as much lost to Mary? So she persuaded herself at least; and so lived tranquilly, happy enough—certainly not unhappy;—and why should an ordinary mortal, youth being over, wish for more?

Now all at once so great a change had happened to her, that Mary could no longer understand, or even believe in, this state of mind which had been hers for so many years. Perfectly still, tranquil, fearing nothing—when her own flesh and blood were in such warfare in the world! How was it possible? Wondering pangs of self-reproach seized her; mysteries of death and of birth, such as had never touched her maidenly quiet, seemed to surround her, and mock at her former ease. All this time the gates of heaven had been opening and shutting to John. Hope sometimes, sometimes despair, love, anguish, want, pain, had struggled for him, while she had sat and looked on so calmly, and reasoned so placidly about the general equality of life. How could she have done it? The revelation was as painful as it was overwhelming. Nature seized upon her with a grip of iron, and avenged upon her in a moment all the indifferences of her previous life. The appeal of these frightened children, the solemn charge laid upon her by her brother awoke her, with a start and shiver. How had she dared to sit and look through calm windows, or on the threshold by her tranquil door, upon the struggles, pangs and labours of the other human creatures



about her? Was it excuse enough that she was neither wife nor mother? had she therefore nothing to do in guarding, and continuing, and handing down the nobler successions of life? Mary was startled altogether out of the state of mind habitual to her. Instead of the calm lady of the manor, the female squire, the lawgiver of the village which she had hitherto been, a little above the problems that were brought to her, a little wanting in consideration of motives and meaning, perhaps now and then too decided in her judgment, seeing the distinction between right and wrong too clearly, and entertaining a supreme, though gentle contempt for the trimmings and compromises, as well as for the fusses and agitations of the ordinary world, Mary felt herself to have plunged all at once into the midst of those agitations at a single step. She was anxious, timorous, yet rash, faltering even in opinion, hesitating, vacillating, she who had been so decided and so calm. Her feelings were all intensified; the chords of her nature tightened, as it were, vibrating to the lightest touch. And at the same time, which was strange enough, while thus the little circle, in which she stood, became full of such intense, unthought of interest, the world widened around her as it had never widened before; into darkneses and silences indeed—but still with an extended horizon which expanded her heart. John was there in the wide unknown, which stretched round this one warm lighted spot, wandering she knew not where, a solitary man. She had never realised him so before; and not only John, but thousands like him, strangers, wanderers, strugglers with fate. The sudden breath of novelty, of enlightenment expanded her heart like a sob. These silent distances were dark; but yet there was the sense of space in them, and life and pity. Her composure, her satisfaction, her tranquillity, fled from her; but how much greater, more real and true, more penetrating and actual became her existence and the world. And all this was

produced, not by any great mental enlightenment, any sudden development of character, but by the simple fact that two small helpless creatures had been put into her hands, and made absolutely dependent upon her. This was all; but the whole world could not have been more to Mary. It changed her in every way. She who had been so rooted in her place, so absorbed in her occupations, would have relinquished all, had it been necessary, and gone out solitary into the world for the children. Could there be any office so important, any trust so precious? This which was the vulgarest commonplace, yet high-flown, sentiment on the lips of Mrs. Pennithorne became all at once, in a moment, the leading principle of Miss Musgrave's life.

But she had to undergo various petty inconveniences from the curiosity of her neighbours, and their anxiety to advise her as to what she should do in the "trying circumstances." What could she know about children? Mrs. Pen for one, thought it very important to give Miss Musgrave the benefit of her advice. She made a solemn visit to inspect them, and tell her what she ought to do. The little boy, she felt sure, was delicate, and would require a great deal of care; but the thing that troubled Mrs. Pennithorne the most was that Miss Musgrave could not be persuaded to put on mourning for her brother's wife. Notwithstanding that it was, as Mary pleaded, five years since she died, the vicar's wife thought that crape would be a proof that all "misunderstandings" were over, and would show a Christian feeling. And when she could not make this apparent to Miss Musgrave, she did all she could to impress it upon her husband, whom she implored to "speak to"—both father and daughter—on the subject. Most people would have been all the more particular to put on crape, and to wear it deep, because there had been "misunderstandings." "Misunderstandings!" cried Mr. Pen, whose mind, however, was much relieved by this word, for he

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had been, he feared, too confidential on the subject; but, thank Heaven, she had not understood. Either he must have been more prudent than he thought; or else he must have done it so cleverly as to leave a very mild impression on his wife's mind. It was not, however, he who spoke to Miss Musgrave, but she who spoke to him on this important subject; and what she said somewhat bewildered the vicar, who could not fathom her mind in this respect.

"Emily thinks we should put on mourning," she said. "And, do you know, I really believe that is the reason that poor John is so much more in my thoughts?"

"What—the mourning?" the vicar asked faltering.

"Her death. Hitherto the idea of one has been mingled with that of the other. Now he is 'John'; everything else has melted away; there is nothing but himself to think of. He has never been only John before. Do you know what I mean, Mr. Pen?"

The vicar shook his head. He wondered if this could be a touch of feminine jealousy, knowing that even Mary was not perfect, and this gave him a momentary pang.

"I don't suppose that I could feel so;—I was very fond of John—but I, of course, could not be jealous—I mean of his love for one unworthy——"

"How do we know even that she was unworthy? It is not that, Mr. Pen. But she was nothing to us, and confused him in our minds. Now he is himself—and where is he?" said Miss Musgrave with tears in her eyes.

"In God's hands—in God's hands, Miss Mary! and God bless him wherever he is—and I humbly beg your pardon," cried Mr. Pen, with an excess of emotion which she scarcely understood. His feelings were almost too warm Mary thought.

And as the news got spread through those invisible channels which convey reports all over the country, many were the visitors that came to the Castle to

see what the story meant, though they did not announce this as the object of their visit. Among them, the visit most important was that of Lady Stanton, who had been Mary's rival in beauty when the days were. They had not been rivals between themselves, but warm friends, in their youth and day of triumph; but events had separated the two girls, and the two women rarely met, and had outgrown all acquaintance; for Lady Stanton had been involved, almost more immediately than Mary Musgrave, in the tragedy which had so changed life at Penninghame, and this had changed their relations like everything else. She came in with a timid eagerness and haste, growing red and growing pale, and held out her hands to her old friend.

"We never quarrelled," she said; "why should we never see each other? Is there any reason?"

"No reason," said Miss Musgrave, making room upon the sofa beside her. But such an unexpected appeal agitated her, and for the moment she could not satisfy herself as to the object of this visit. Lady Stanton, however, was of a very simple mind, and could not conceal what that object was.

"Oh, Mary," she said, the tears coming into her eyes, "I heard that John's children had come home. Is it true? You know I always took an interest——" And here she stopped, making a gulp of some emotion which, to a superficial spectator, might have seemed out of place in Sir Henry Stanton's wife. She had grown stout, but that does not blunt the feelings. "I should like to see them," she said, with an appeal in her eyes which few people could withstand. And Mary was touched too, partly by this sudden renewal of an old love, partly by the thought of all that had happened since she last sat by her old companion's side, who was a Mary too.

"I cannot bring them here," she said, "but I will take you to the hall to see them. My father likes them to be kept—in their own part of the house."

"Oh, I hope he is kind to them!" said Lady Stanton, clasping her white dimpled hands. "Are they like your family? I hope they are like the Musgraves. But likenesses are so strange—mine are not like me," said the old beauty, plaintively. But perhaps the trouble in her face was less on account of her own private trials in this respect than out of alarm lest John Musgrave's children should have the likeness of another face of which she could not think with kindness. There was so little disguise in her mind, that this sentiment also found its way into words. "Oh, Mary," she cried, "you and I were once the two beauties, and everybody was at our feet; but that common girl was more thought of than either you or me."

"Hush!" said Mary Musgrave, putting up her hand; "she is dead."

"Is she dead?" Lady Stanton was struck with a momentary horror; for it was a contemporary of whom they were speaking, and she could not but be conscious of a little shiver in her own well-developed person, to think of the other who was clay. "That is why they have come home!" she said, half under her breath.

"Yes, and because he cannot carry them about with him wherever he goes."

"You have heard from him, Mary? I hope he is doing well. I hope he is not—very heart-broken. If you are writing you might say I inquired. He might like to know that he was remembered; and you know I always took—an interest—"

"I know you always had the kindest heart."

"I always took an interest, notwithstanding everything; and—will he come home? Now surely he might come home. It is so long ago; Sir Harry thinks no one would interfere."

"I cannot say anything about that, for I don't know," said Miss Musgrave; "he does not say. Will you come and see the children, Lady Stanton."

"Oh, Mary, what have I done that you should call me Lady Stanton? I have never wished to stand aloof. It has not been my doing. Do you remember what friends we were? and I couldn't call you Miss Musgrave if I tried. When I heard of the children I thought this was an opening," said Lady Stanton, faltering a little. She told her little fib, which was an innocent one; but she was true at bottom and told it ill; and what difference did it make whether she sought the children for Mary's sake, or Mary for the children's? Miss Musgrave accepted her proffered embrace with kindness, yet with a smile. She was touched by the emotion of her old friend, and by the remnants of that "interest" which had survived fifteen years of married life, and much increase of substance. Perhaps a harsher judge might have thought the emotion slightly improper. But poor John had got but hard measure in the world; and a little compensating faithfulness was a salve to his sister's feelings. She led her visitor down stairs, and through the narrow passage, in all her wealth of silk and amplitude of shadow. Mary herself was still as slim as when they had skimmed about these passages together; and she was Mary still; for once in a way she felt herself not without some advantage over Sir Harry's wife.

Nello was standing full in the light when the ladies went into the hall, and he it was who came forward to be caressed by the pretty lady, who took to him all the more warmly that she had no boys of her own. Lady Stanton fairly cried over his fair head, with its soft curls. "What a little Musgrave he is," she cried; "how like his father! I cannot help being glad he is like his father." But when this vision of splendour and beauty, which Lillas came forward to admire, saw the little girl, she turned from her with a slight shiver. "Ah!" she cried, retreating, "is that—the little girl?" And the sight silenced her, and drove her away.

CHAPTER VIII.

LADY STANTON.

LADY STANTON drove home from that visit with her heart and her eyes full. She was not intellectual nor even clever, but a soft creature, made up of feelings easily touched, not perhaps very profound, nor likely to obscure to her the necessary course of daily living, but still true enough and faithful in their way. She might have been able to make sacrifices had she come in the way of them or found them necessary, but no such chance of moral devotion had come to her; nor had any teachings of experience or philosophy of middle age, such as works upon the majority of us, hardened her soft heart, or swept away the little romantic impulses, the quick sensibilities of youth. A nature so fresh indeed was scarcely compatible with much exercise of the intellectual faculties at all. Lady Stanton rarely read, and never under any circumstances read anything (of her own will and impulse) which rose above the most primitive and familiar elements; but on the other hand the gentle sentimentalities which she did read went straight to her heart. She thought Mrs. Hemans the first of poets, and cried her eyes out over Mr. Dickens's "Little Nell." Anything about an unhappy love, or about a dead child, would move her more than Shakespeare, and she shed tears as ready as the morning dew. Practically, it is true, she had gone through a certain amount of experience like other people, and her everyday life was more or less affected by what she had come through; but in her heart Lady Stanton was still the same Mary Ridley, whose gentle being had been involved in the wildest of tragic stories, even though she had come down to so commonplace a daily routine now. That story, so long past, took the place in her being of all the poetry and romance which the most of us get glorified from the hands of genius, and all her love came from that one personal episode, which was un-

paralleled in life as she knew life. When she read one of the novels which pleased her, she would compare the situations in it with this; when she lingered over the vague melodious verses which represented poetry to her, there was always a little appropriation in her heart of their soft measures to the dim long past emergency. And now here it was brought back upon her by every circumstance that could bring the past near. Her love—was it her love that was recalled to her? But then there was no love in it properly so called. She had taken an interest in John Musgrave, her friend's brother—always had taken an interest in him; but she had no right to do so at any time, being betrothed to young Lord Stanton, who, for his part, had forgotten her for the sake of that dressmaker's girl at Penninghame, to whom John Musgrave too had given his heart. What a complication it was! Mary Ridley, who had a pretty property close to his, had been destined for Lord Stanton from the beginning of time, and the boy and girl had lightly acquiesced, and had been happy enough in the parental arrangement. They had liked each other well enough—they had been as gay as possible in the lightheartedness of their youth, and had taken this for happiness. Why should not they be happy? they were exactly suited to each other. She was the prettiest girl in the county (except the other Mary), and he was proud of her sweet looks, and fond of her, certainly fond of her; whereas she, unawakened, undisturbed, notwithstanding the interest she had always taken in John Musgrave, would have made him the most affectionate and charming wife in the world. Thus the early story had flowed on all smoothness and sunshine, the flowers blooming, the sun shining: until one fatal day, young Lord Stanton riding through Penninghame village on his way to the old Castle, had seen Lily, Miss Price's assistant, at the window of the dressmaker's parlour. Fatal day! full of all the issues of death.

It is needless to inquire what manner of woman this Lily was, for whom these two men lost themselves and their existence. She did not know of any tragedy likely to be involved, but brushed about in her homely village way through these webs of fate, twisting the threads innocently enough, and throwing the weaving into endless confusion. Whether Lord Stanton was murdered by John Musgrave, as many people thought at first, or killed accidentally in a hot, sudden encounter, as most people believed now, was a thing which perhaps would never be cleared up. The guilty man (if he was guilty) had paid the penalty of his deed in exile, in poverty, in misery, ever since. His life had been as much broken off at that point as Stanton's was who died—and the two families had been equally plunged into woe and mourning; though indeed it was the Musgraves who suffered most by reason of the stigma put upon them, by the shame of John's flight and of his marriage, and by the fact that he was still a criminal pursued by justice, though justice had long slackened her pursuit. As for the Stantons there was nobody to mourn much. Aunts and uncles and cousins console themselves sooner than fathers and mothers, and the boy brother, who had succeeded to the title, had been too young to be capable of sustained sorrow. Everybody at that time had sympathised with the young bride who had lost her future husband, and her coronet, and all the joys of life in this sudden and miserable way, for there was no concealing what the cause of the quarrel was, and that Lord Stanton had been unfaithful to the beautiful Mary. Nobody knew, however, the complication which gave her a double pang, the knowledge that not only the man who was her own property, her betrothed husband, but the man in whom, innocently in girlish simplicity, she had avowed herself to "take an interest," had preferred to her the village Lily, who was nobody and nothing, who had not been blameless between them,

and whom everybody condemned. Everybody condemned: but *they* loved her. Both of them! this secret and poignant addition to her trial Mary Ridley never confided to any one, but it still thrilled through and through her at any allusion to that old long past tragedy. Both of them!—the man whose best love was due to her, and the man who had caught her own girlish shy eyes, all unaware to either, somehow innocently, unavowedly, in such a visionary way as harmed no one; both! It was hard. She wept for them both tenderly, abundantly, for the one not less than the other; and a little—with a cry in her heart of protestation and appeal—for herself, put aside, thrown over for this woman who was nothing, who was nobody, yet who was better beloved than she. All this had swelled up in Lady Stanton's heart when she saw the little girl who had Lily's face. She had been unable to restrain the sting of old wonder and pain; the keen piercing of the old wound which she had felt to her heart. Both of them! and here a little ghost of this Lily, her shadow, her representation had come to look her in the face. She cried as she drove back that long silent way by herself to Elfdale. It was seldom she had the chance of being so long alone, and there was a kind of luxury about it, not unmingled with compunction and a sense of guilt.

For it still remains to be told how Mary Ridley came to be Lady Stanton, although Lord Stanton, who was the betrothed husband of her youth, had been killed, and all that apparently smooth and straightforward story had ended in grief and separation. She had married after some years a middle-aged cousin of her dead lover, Sir Henry Stanton, who had not long before come back from India where he had spent most of his life. It was but a poor fate for the beautiful Mary. Sir Henry had left his career and a full accomplished life behind him, when he first came to settle at Elfdale to the passive existence of a gentleman in the country, who could not be called a country gentleman.

He had been married and had children, a family of sons and daughters, and had only a second chapter of less vivid meaning, a sort of postscriptal life, to offer her. Why she had accepted him nobody could well say,—but she made him a good wife, kind, smiling, always gentle, though sadly put to it now and then to preserve unbroken the sweet good-temper with which nature had gifted her. So fair and sweet as she was, to get only the remains of a man's heart after all, to be made use of as their chaperon and caretaker by his big, unlovely daughters; to have her own children, two dainty, lovely, fairy girls, kept in the background,—no more than “the little ones”—of no account in the house—all these things were somewhat trying, and a strange reversal of all that life had seemed to promise her, and all that had been indicated by the early worship which surrounded her youth. But perhaps few women could have carried this inappropriate fate so well. All those contradictions of circumstances, all those travesties of what might have been, met with no gloom, or sourness of disappointment in her. The very fact that she was Lady Stanton carried with it a certain aggravation, a parrot-like adhesion to the letter, and change of the spirit, such as had been in the promises made to Macbeth. Mary might have thought herself the victim of a perverse fate, keeping the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the heart, had she been perversely disposed—but instead of that all her thoughts were that she had taken an unfair advantage of Laura and Lydia, in not telling them where she was going, that they might have come with her had they been disposed. She had stolen a march upon them; they would think it unkind. But then she could not have gone to Penninghame had Laura and Lydia been with her. Though they were so much less concerned than she had been, they kept up the Stanton feud with the Musgraves. They had no “interest” in John—on the contrary, they were of the few who

still believed that he had “murdered” Lord Stanton—and would have had him hanged if he ever returned to England. They would not have entered the house, or permitted any kind of inquiries in their presence. And therefore it was that she had stolen away without letting them know, and was at present conscious—in addition to all the jumble of emotions in her heart—of a certain prick of guilt.

The Stantons were a great county family as well as the Musgraves, but in a very different way. When the Musgraves had been at their greatest, the Stantons had been nobody. They were nothing more than persistent, thrifty folk at first, adding field to field, building on ever a new addition to their old house. Then wealth had come, and then local importance; and last of all celebrity. The first who brought anything like fame to the name, and introduced the race to the knowledge of the world, was a soldier, a general under the Duke of Marlborough, who got a baronetcy and a reputation, and had a handsome new coat of arms invented for him—very appropriately gained indeed, on the field of battle, just as the augmentation of the Musgraves' blazon had been gained, but a few hundred years too late unfortunately, and therefore not telling for nearly so much as if it had been won in the fifteenth century. The next man was a lawyer, who so cultivated that profession that it brought his son, in the reign of the Georges, to the bench, and a peerage—and since that time the family had taken their place among the magnates of the North Country. Young Walter Lord Stanton was a much greater man than John Musgrave, though not half so great a man in one sense of the word. Two or three generations, however, tell just as much upon the individual mind as twenty, and the young peer was conscious of all his advantages over the commoner, without any sense of inferiority in point of race. And now the other Lord Stanton, Geoffrey, who had succeeded that unfortunate young man, was the greatest personage of his years in the district, regarded with interest



by all his neighbours and with more than interest by some; for was it not in his power to make one of his feminine contemporaries, however humble she might be by birth, and however poor in this world's goods, a great lady?—and so long as human nature remains as it is, this cannot cease to be a very potent attraction. Indeed the wonder is that young women should not be altogether demoralised by the perpetual recurrence of such chances of undeserved, unearned elevation. Young Lord Stanton could do this. He could give fine houses and lands, a title and all the good things of this earth to his cousin Laura, or his cousin Lydia, or any other girl in the county that pleased him. Therefore it cannot be wondered at if his appearance fluttered the dovescotes with sentiments as powerful and more pleasant than those which fill the nests at the appearance of predatory hawk or eagle. But any such flutter of feeling was held in Elfdale to be an unwarrantable impertinence on the part of the other ladies of the county. Long ago, at the time when at five years old he had succeeded to his stepbrother, there had been a tacit family understanding to the effect that one of Sir Henry's daughters should be the young lord's wife. Sir Henry, though old enough to have been the father of his murdered cousin, would have been his heir but for Geoff—and it was universally allowed to be hard upon him that when such an unlikely chance happened, as that young Lord Stanton should die, there should be this boy coming in the way forestalling his claim. Nobody had wanted that child who was suddenly turned into a personage of so much importance—not even his father, who had married with a single-minded idea of being comfortable in his own person, and who was much annoyed by the prospect of “a family”—which was happily, however, cut short by his own speedy death. When therefore Walter Lord Stanton was killed, it was very generally felt that Sir Henry had a real grievance in the existence of the little step-brother, who

was in the way of everybody except his poor mother, whom the old lord had married to nurse him, and who had taken the unwarrantable liberty of adding little Geoffrey to the family. Poor little Geoff! he was bullied on all hands so long as his brother lived, and then what a change came over his life and that of his mother, who was as light-haired, and pale and shy as the boy was! Great good fortune may change even complexion, and Geoff as he grew to be a man was no longer pale. But Sir Henry never quite got over the blow dealt him by this succession. He had not resented Walter. Walter was so to speak the natural heir—and nobody expected him to die; but when he did die, so out of all calculation, to think there should be that boy! Sir Henry did not get over it for years—it was a positive wrong not to be forgotten.

Accordingly, as a small compensation to his injured feelings, all the family had tacitly decided that Geoff should marry one of his cousins. This, it is true, was but a very small compensation, for Sir Henry was not the kind of parent who lives in his children, and is indifferent to his own glory and greatness. Even now, fifteen years after that event, he was not an old man, and it made up very poorly for his personal disappointment that Laura or Lydia should share the advancement of which he had been deprived. Still it was so understood. Geoff paid many holiday visits at Elfdale, though there was no particular friendship between Sir Henry and the widowed Lady Stanton, who was Geoff's guardian as well as his mother (to distinguish this lady she was called Maria, Lady Stanton among the kindred, and preferred that title), and things were going smoothly enough between the young people. They liked each other, and had no objection to be together as much as was possible, and already the sisters had settled between them “which of us it is to be.” This Lydia, who was the most strong-minded, had thought desirable from the moment when she had become aware what was intended. “If

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does not matter at present," she said, "we are none of us in love, and one is just as good as another; but we had better draw lots, or something—or toss up, as the boys do." And what the mystic ordeal had been which decided this question we are unable to say, but decided it was in favour of Laura, who was the prettiest, and only a year younger than Geoff. Lydia, as soon as the die was cast, constituted herself the guardian of her sister's fortunes so far as the young lord was concerned, and made herself into a quaint and really pretty version of a matchmaking mother on Laura's behalf. Thus it will be seen that it was into the very heart of the opposite faction that Lady Stanton drove home with those tears in her soft eyes, and all that commotion of old thoughts in her heart. If they could have seen into it and known that it was the image of John Musgrave that had roused that commotion, what would these girls have said, towards whom she felt so guilty as having stolen a march upon them? "The murderer!" they would have cried with a shriek of horror. Lady Stanton could not, it is clear, have taken them to Penninghame with her, and surely she had a right to use her own horses and carriage; but still she felt guilty as she subdued, with all the effort she could make, the excitement in her heart. When she went in, she retired at once up stairs, and announced herself, through her maid, to have a headache, and had a cup of tea in her own room, to which her own children, little Fanny and Annie, a pair of inseparables came noiselessly like two doves on the wing. Annie and Fanny liked nothing in the world so much as to get mamma to themselves like this, in the stillness of her room, with everybody else shut out. One was ten and the other eleven; they were about the same height, had the same flowing curly locks of light brown hair, the same rose-tinted faces, walked in each other's steps, or rather flew about their little world of carpeted stairs and passages, together, always in

sudden soft flights, like doves, as we have said, on the wing. "Is your head very bad, mamma?" they said; and the gentle hypocrite blushed as she replied. No, it was not very bad; a little quiet would make it quite well. They took off her "things" for her, and brought her her soft white dressing-gown, in which she looked like the mother of all the doves, and let down her hair, which was not much darker, and quite as abundant as their own, and gave her her cup of tea thus, soothing every tingling nerve; and by this time Lady Stanton's head was not bad at all, though now and then one of them would administer eau-de-cologne or rosewater. She told them of the children she had seen—little orphans who had no mother—and the two crept closer to her, to hear of that awful, incomprehensible desolation, each clasping an arm of hers with two small, eager hands. To be without a mother! Annie and Fanny held their breath in reverential silence and pity; but wondered a little that it was the little boy ("called Nello—what a funny name!") that mamma spoke of, not the girl, who was ten ("just the same age as me").

But not even the sympathy of her children, and the trance of interest which kept them breathless, could make Lady Stanton speak of the little girl. Her mother's face! that face which had taken the best of everything in existence from Mary Ridley—how could Lady Stanton speak of it? She made some efforts to get over the feeling, but not with much success. But the rest restored her, and enabled her to appear, her headache quite charmed away, and her nerves still, at dinner. She took a little more care with her toilette than usual, by way of propitiation to the angry gods. And though Laura and Lydia were not much short of twenty years younger than their step-mother, it would have been an indifferent judge who had turned from her to them, even in the fresh bloom of their youth. She came down stairs very conciliatory, ready to make the

best of everything, and to make amends to them for all disloyal thoughts, and for having cheated them of their drive.

"I hope your head is better, my lady," said Laura. "We have been wondering all the afternoon wherever you had gone."

These girls had a certain strain of vulgarity in them somehow which could not be quite eradicated from their speech.

"I went out for a drive as usual," said Lady Stanton. "I thought I heard you say that you meant to walk."

"Oh yes; we wanted to walk to the village to settle about the school children," said Laura; and Lydia added: "But I am sure we never said so," and looked suspiciously at her stepmother.

"I went by the Langdale woods, and all the way to Penninghame water," said the culprit, very explanatory. "The lake looked so cold. I should not like to live near it. It chills all the landscape, and I am sure puts dreary thoughts into people's heads. And as I was there, Henry," she added, addressing her husband, "I did what you will think an odd thing." Lady Stanton's bosom heaved a little, and her breath came quick. It would have been far easier to say nothing about it; but then she knew by experience that everything gets found out. She made a momentary pause before the confession which she tried to treat so lightly. "I ran in for a moment to the old Castle and saw Mary—Mary, you know. We were great friends, she and I, when we were young; and it was such a temptation passing the old place."

"What whim took you near the old place?" said Sir Henry, gruffly. "I cannot think of any place in the world that should lie less in your way."

"Well, that is true," she said, breathing a little more freely now that the worst was told; "and the proof of it is that I have not been there for years."

"I hope it will be still longer before you go again," said her husband.

He did not say any more because of the servants, and because he had too

much good sense to do or say any thing that would lessen his wife's importance; but he was not pleased, and this troubled her, for she had a delicate conscience. She looked at him wistfully, and was imprudent enough in her anxiety to pursue the subject, and make bad worse.

"It is strange to see an old friend whom you have known when you were young, after so many years," she said; "though Mary is not so much altered as I am. You remember her, Henry? She was always so pretty; handsomer than—any one I know."

It was on her lips to say "handsomer than ever I was," which was the real sentiment in her mind, partly dictated by semi-guilt and humility produced by the consciousness of having grown stout, a kind of development which troubles women. She was very deeply aware of this, and it silenced all the claims of vanity. She had lost her figure; whereas Mary was still slim and straight as an arrow. Whatever might have been once, there was now no comparison between the two.

"Do you mean Miss Musgrave," cried the girls, one after the other. "Miss Musgrave! that old creature—that old maid—that man's sister?"

"She is no older than I am," said Lady Stanton, with a flush on her face, "She was my dear friend in the old days. She is beautiful still, as much as she ever was, I think, and good; she has always been good."

"That will do, I think," said Sir Henry, interposing. "We need not discuss that family; but I think you will see, my dear, that there could not be much pleasure in any intercourse at this time of day—whatever might have been the case when you were young."

"Intercourse—there could never be any intercourse," cried Lydia, coming to the front. "Fancy, papa! intercourse with such people—after all that has happened. That would be tempting Providence; and it would be an insult to Geoff."

"Let Geoff take care of his own

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affairs," said Sir Henry, angrily; and he gave a forcible twist to the conversation, and threw it into another channel; but Lady Stanton was very silent all the evening afterwards. She had wanted to conciliate, and she had not succeeded; and how indeed could she, among her hostile family, keep up any intercourse with her old friend?

CHAPTER IX.

AT ELFDAL.

NEVERTHELESS this meeting could not be got out of Lady Stanton's mind. She thought of it constantly; and in the stillness of her own room, when nobody but the little girls were by, she talked to them of the children, especially of little Nello who had attracted her most. What a place of rest and refreshment that was for her, after all her trials with Laura and Lydia, and the seriousness of Sir Henry, who was displeased that she should have gone to Penninghame, and showed it in the way most painful to the soft-hearted woman, by silence, and a gravity which made her feel her indiscretion to her very heart. But notwithstanding Sir Henry's annoyance, she could not but relieve her mind by going over the whole scene with Fanny and Annie, who knew, without a word said, that these private talks in which they delighted, in which their mother told them all manner of stories, and took them back with her into the time of her youth, and made them acquainted with all her early friends—were not to be repeated, but were their own special privilege to be kept for themselves alone. They had already heard of Mary Musgrave, and knew her intimately, as children do know the early companions of whom an indulgent mother tells them, to satisfy their boundless appetite for narrative. "And what are they to Mary?" the little girls asked, breathless in their interest about these strange children. They had already been told; but the relationship of aunt did not seem a very tender one to Annie and

Fanny, who knew only their father's sisters, old ladies to whom the elder girls, children of the first marriage, seemed the only legitimate and correct Stantons, and who looked down upon these little interlopers as unnecessary. "Only their aunt!—is that all?"

They were not in Lady Stanton's room this time, but seated on an ottoman in the great bow-window, one on either side of her. Laura and Lydia were out; Sir Henry was in his library; the coast was clear; no one was likely to come in and dismiss the children with a sharp word, such as—"Go away, little girls—there is no saying a word to your mother while you are there;" or "The little ones again! When we were children we were kept in the nursery." The children were aware now that when such speeches were made, it was better for them not to wait for their mother's half-pained, half-beseeching look, but to run away at once, not to provoke any discussion. They were wise little women, and were, by nature, of their mother's faction in this house, where both they and she, though she was the mistress of it, were more or less on sufferance. But at present everybody was out of the way. They were ready to fly off, with their pretty hair fluttering like a gleam of wings, should any of their critics appear; but the girls had gone a long way, and Sir Henry was very busy. It was a chance such as seldom occurred.

"All? when children have not a mother, their aunt is next best; sometimes she is even better—much better," said Lady Stanton, thinking in her heart that John's wife was not likely to have been any great advantage to her children. "And Mary is not like any one, you know. She is a beautiful lady—not old, like Aunt Rebecca—though Aunt Rebecca is always very kind. I hope you have not forgotten those beautiful sashes she gave you."

"I don't think very much of an aunt," said Fanny, who was the saucy one, with a shrug of her little shoulders.

"It must be different," said Annie,

hugging her mother's arm. They were not impressed by the happiness of those poor little stranger children in being with Mary. "Has the little girl got no name, mamma—don't you know her name? You say Nello; but that is the boy; though it is more like a girl than a boy."

"It is German—or something—I don't remember. The little girl is called Lilius. Oh, yes, it is a pretty name enough, but I don't like it. I once knew one whom I did not approve of—"

"We knew," said Fanny, nodding her head at Annie, who nodded back again; "Mamma, we knew you did not like the little girl."

"I! not like her! oh, children, how can you think me so unjust? I hope I am not unjust," cried Lady Stanton, almost with tears. "Mary is very proud of her little niece. And she is very good to little Nello. Yes, perhaps I like him best, but there is no harm in that. He is a delightful little boy. If you could have had a little brother like that—"

"We have only—big brothers," said Annie, regretfully; "that is different."

"Yes, that is different. You could not imagine Charley with long, fair curls, and a little tunic, could you?" This made the children laugh, and concealed a little sigh on their mother's part; for Charley was a big dragoon, and Lady Stanton foresaw would not have too much consideration, should they ever require his help, for the little sisters whom he undisguisedly felt to be in his way.

"I wonder if she wishes he was a little girl."

"I wonder! How she must want to have a sister! A little brother would be very nice, too; we used to play at having a little brother; but it would not be like Fanny and me. Does she like being at the Castle, mamma?"

It troubled Lady Stanton that they should think of nothing but this little girl. It was Lilius that had won their interest, and she could not tell them why

it was that she shrank from Lilius. "They have left their poor papa all alone and sad," she said, in a low voice. "I used to know him too. And it must make them sad to think of him so far away."

It was the children's turn now to be puzzled. They were not on such terms of tender intimacy with their father as were thus suggested, but, on the whole, were rather pleased than otherwise when he was absent, and did not follow him very closely with their thoughts. They were slightly humbled as they realized the existence of so much greater susceptibility and lovingness on the part of the little girl in whom they were so much interested, than they themselves possessed. How she surpassed them in this as well as in other things, though Annie was older than she! She talked German as well as English (if it was German; their mother was not clear what language it was)—think of that! So perhaps it was not wonderful that she should be so much fonder of her papa. And a moment of silence ensued. Lady Stanton did not remark the confused pause in the minds of her children, because her own mind was filled with wistful compassion for the lonely man whom she had been thinking of more or less since ever she left Penninghame. Where was he, all alone in the world, shut out from his own house, an exile from his country—even his children away from him, in whom perhaps he had found some comfort?

This momentary silence was interrupted abruptly by the sound of a voice. "Are you there, Cousin Mary? and what are you putting your heads together about?"

At this sound, before they found out what it was, the children disengaged themselves suddenly each from her separate clinging to her mother's arm, and approached each other as if for flight; but, falling back to their places, when they recognised the voice, looked at each other, and said both together, with tones of relief, "Oh, it's only Geoff!"

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life of the family, and the position of these two little intruders, could have been.

Geoff came forward with his boyish step and voice in all the smiling confidence of youth. "I thought I should startle you. Is it a story that is being told, or are you plotting something? Fanny and Annie leave her alone for a moment. It is my turn now."

"O Geoff! it is about a little girl and a boy—mamma will tell you too if you ask her; and there's nobody in. We thought at first you were papa, but he's so busy. Come and sit here."

Geoff came up, and kissed Lady Stanton on her soft, still beautiful cheek. He was a son of the house, and privileged. He sat down on the stool the children had placed for him. "I am glad there's nobody in," he said. "Of course the girls will be back before I go; but I wanted to speak to you—about something."

"Shall the children go, Geoff?"

"Fancy! do you want them to hate me? No, go on with the story. This is what I like. Isn't it pleasant, Annie and Fanny, to have her all to ourselves? Do you mind me?"

"Oh, not in the least, Geoff—not in the very least. You are like—what is he like, Annie?—a brother, not a big brother like Charley; but something young, something nice, like what mamma was telling us of—a little brother—grown up—"

"Is this a sneer at my height?" he said; "but go on, don't let me stop the story. I like stories—and most other pleasant things."

"It was no story," said Lady Stanton. "I was telling them only of some children:—you are very good and forgiving, Geoff—but I fear you will be angry with me when you know. I was—out by myself—and notwithstanding all we have against them, I went to see Mary Musgrave. There! I must tell you at once, and get it over. I shall be sorry if it annoys you; but Mary and I," she said, faltering, "were such friends once, and I have not seen her for years."

"Why should I be annoyed—why should I be angry? I am not an avenger. Poor Cousin Mary! you were out—by yourself!—was that your only reason for going?"

"Indeed it is true enough. It is very seldom I go out without the girls; and they—feel strongly, you know, about that."

"What have they to do with it? Yes, I know; they are *plus royalistes que le roi*. But this is not the story."

"Yes, indeed it is, my dear boy. I was telling Annie and Fanny of two poor children. They belong to a man who is—banished from his own country. He did wrong—when he was young—oh so many, so many years ago!—and he is still wandering about the world without a home, and far from his friends. He was young then, and now—it is so long ago;—ah, Geoff, you must not be angry with me. The little children are with Mary. She did not tell me much, for her heart did not soften to me as mine did to her. But there they are; the mother dead who was at the bottom of it all; and nobody to care for them but Mary; all through something that happened before they were born."

Lady Stanton grew red as she spoke, her voice trembled, her whole aspect was full of emotion. The young man shook his head—

"I suppose a great many of us suffer for harm done before we were born," he said gravely. "This is no solitary instance."

"Ah, Geoff, it is natural, quite natural that you should feel so. I forgot how deeply you were affected by all that happened then."

"I did not mean that," he said gravely. His youthful face had changed out of its light-hearted calm. "Indeed I had heard something of this and I wanted to speak to you—"

"Run away, my darlings," said Lady Stanton; "go and see what—nurse is about. Make her go down with you to the village and take the tea and sugar to the old women in the



Almshouses. This is the day—don't you remember?"

"So it is," said Annie. "But we did not want to remember," said Fanny, "we liked better to stay with you."

However, they went off, reluctant but obedient. They were used to being sent away. It was seldom their mother who did it willingly—but everybody else did it with peremptory determination—and the little girls were used to obey. They untwined themselves from her arms to which they had been clinging, and went away close together, with a soft rush and sweep as of one movement.

"There go the doves," said Geoff looking after them with kind admiration like that of a brother. It pleased Lady Stanton to see the friendly pleasure in them which lighted the young man's eyes. Whoever married him he would always, she thought, be a brother to her neglected children, who counted for so little in the family. She looked after them with that mother-look, which, whether in joy or sorrow, is close upon tears. Then she turned to him with eyes softened by that unspeakable tenderness.

"Whatever you wish," she said. "Tell me, Geoff; I am ready to hear."

"I am as bad as the rest. You have to send them away for me too."

"There is some reason in it this time. If you have heard about the little Musgraves you know how miserable it all is," said Lady Stanton. "The old man will have nothing to say to them. He lets them live there, but takes no notice—His son's children! And Mary has everything upon her shoulders."

"Cousin Mary, will it hurt you much to tell me all about it?" said the young man. "Forgive me, I know it must be painful; but all that is so long over and everything is so changed—"

"You mean I have married and forgotten," she said, her lips beginning to quiver.

"I scarcely remember anything about it," said Geoff, looking away from her that his eyes might not disturb her more, "only a confused sort of excite-

ment and wretchedness, and then a strange new sense of importance. We had been nobodies till then—my mother and I. But I have heard a few things lately. Walter—will it pain you if I speak of him?"

"Poor Walter!—no. Geoff, you must understand that Walter loved somebody else better than me."

She said this half in honest avowal of that humiliation which had been one of the great wonders of her life, partly in excuse of her own easy forgetfulness of him.

"I have heard that too, Cousin Mary, with wonder; but never mind. He paid dearly for his folly. The other—"

"Geoff," said Lady Stanton with a trembling voice, "the other is living still, and he has paid dearly for it all this time. We must not be hard upon him. I do not want to excuse him—it would be strange if I should be the one to excuse him; but only—"

"I am very sorry for him, Cousin Mary. I am glad you feel as I do. Walter may have been in the wrong for anything I know. I do not think it was murder."

"That I am sure it was not! John Musgrave was not the man to do a murder—oh, no, no, Geoff, he was not that kind of man!"

Geoff looked up surprised at her eager tone and the trembling in her voice.

"You knew him—well?" he said, with that indifferent composure with which people comment upon the past, not knowing what depths those are over which they skim so lightly. Could he have seen into the agitation in Lady Stanton's heart! But he would not have understood nor realised the commotion that was there.

"I always—took an interest in him," she said, faltering, and then she felt it her duty to do her best for him as an old friend. "I had known him all my life, Geoff, as well as I knew Walter. He was hasty and high-spirited, but so kind—he would have gone out of his way to help anyone. Before he saw that

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young woman everybody was fond of John."

"Did you know her too?"

"No, no; I did not know her. God forbid! She was the destruction of every one who cared for her," said Lady Stanton with a little outburst. Then she made an effort to subdue herself. "Perhaps I am not just to her," she said with a faint smile. "She was preferred to me, you know, Geoff; and they say a woman cannot forget that—perhaps it is true."

"How could he? was he mad?" Geoff said. Geoff was himself tenderly, filially in love with his cousin Mary. He thought there was nobody in the world so beautiful and so kind. And even now she was not understood as she ought to be. Sir Henry thought her a good enough wife, a faithful creature, perfectly trustworthy, and so forth. It was in this light that all regarded her. Something better than an upper servant, a little dearer than a governess. Something to be made use of, to do everything for everybody. She who, Geoff thought in his enthusiasm, was more lovely and sweet than the youngest of them, and ought to be held pre-eminent and sacred by everybody round her. This was not the lot that had fallen to her in life.

"So I am not the best judge, you see," said Lady Stanton with a little sigh. "In those days one felt more strongly perhaps. It all seems so vivid and clear," she added half apologetically, though without entirely realizing how much light these half confessions threw on her present state of less lively feeling, "that is the effect of being young—"

"I think you will always be young," he said tenderly; then added after a pause—"was it a quarrel about—the woman?" He blushed himself as he said so, feeling the wrong to her—yet only half knowing the wonder it was in her thoughts, the double pain it brought.

"I think so. They were both fond of her; and Walter ought not to have been fond of her. John—was quite

free. He was in no way engaged to any one. He had a right to love her if he pleased. But Walter interfered, and he was richer, greater, a far better match. So I suppose she wavered. This is my own explanation of it. They met then when their hearts were wild against each other, and there was a struggle. Ah Geoff! Has it not cost John Musgrave his life as well as Walter? Has he ever ventured to show himself in his own country since? And now their poor little children have come home to Mary; but he will never be able to come home."

"It is hard," said Geoff thoughtfully.

"I wish I knew the law. Fourteen years is it? I was about six, then. Could anything be done? I wonder if anything could be done."

She put her hand on his shoulder with an affectionate caressing touch, "Thanks for the thought, my dear boy—even if nothing could be done—"

"You take a great deal of interest in him, Cousin Mary?"

"Yes," she said quickly; "I told you we were all young people together; and his sister was my dear friend. We were called the two Maries in those days. We were thought—pretty," she said with a vivid blush and a little laugh. "You may have heard."

Geoff kissed the pretty hand which had been laid on his shoulder, and which was perhaps a little fuller and more dimply than was consistent with perfection. "I have eyes," he said, with a little of the shyness of his years, "and I have always had a right as a Stanton to be proud of my cousin Mary. I wonder if Miss Musgrave is as beautiful as you are; I don't believe it for my part—"

"She is far prettier—she is not stout," said Lady Stanton with a sigh; and then she laughed, and made her confession over again with a half jest, which did not make her regret less real, "and I have lost my figure. I have developed, as people say. Mary is as slim as ever. Ah, you may laugh, but that makes a great difference; I feel it to the bottom of my heart."

Geoff looked at her with tender admiration in his eyes. "There has never been a time when I have not thought you the most beautiful woman in all the world," he said, "and that all the great beauties must have been like you. You were always the dream of fair women to me—now one, now the other—all except Cleopatra. You never could have been like that black-browed witch——"

"Hush! boy. I am too old to be flattered now; and I am stout," she said with that faint laugh of annoyance and humiliation, just softened by jest. Geoff's honest praise brought no blush to her soft matronly cheeks, but she liked it, as it pleased her when the children called her "Pretty Mamma." They loved *her* the best, though people had not always done so. The fact that she had grown stout did not affect their

admiration. Only those who have known others to be preferred to themselves can realise what this is. After a moment's hesitation, she added in a low voice: "I wonder—will you go and see them? It would have a great effect in the neighbourhood. Oh, Geoff, forgive me if I am saying too much; perhaps it would not be possible, perhaps it might be wrong in your position. You must take the advice of somebody more sensible, less affected by their feelings. Everybody likes you, Geoff, and you deserve it, my dear; and you are Lord Stanton. It would have a great effect upon the county; it would be almost clearing him——"

"Then I will go—at once—this very day," said Geoff, starting up.

"Oh no, no, no," she said, catching him by the arm, "first of all you must speak to—some one more sensible than me."

*To be continued.*

#### TO MY FRIENDS.

MOURN not, my friends, that we are growing old :  
A fresher birth brings every new year in.  
Years are Christ's napkins to wipe off the sin.  
See, now, I'll be to you an angel bold ;  
My plumes are ruffled, and they shake with cold  
Yet with a trumpet-blast I will begin.  
—Ah! no ; your listening ears not thus I win.  
Yet hear, sweet sisters! brothers, be consoled :—  
Behind me comes a shining one indeed ;  
Christ's friend, who from life's cross did take him down,  
And set upon his day night's starry crown.  
*Death*, say'st thou? Nay—thine be no caitiff creed!  
A woman-angel—see!—in long white gown—  
The mother of our youth!—She maketh speed.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

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WEST INDIAN MEMORIES :  
THE LESSER ANTILLES AND THE "BOILING LAKE."

The crescent-like series of West Indian Islands, capriciously divided in official parlance into "Windward" and "Leeward," or more appropriately summed up together by the well-sounding title of the "Lesser Antilles," is, after a fashion, antipodal to the Philippine group of the eastern hemisphere; or, to put it more geographically, the two Archipelagos, Hispano-Malayan and Caribbean, occupy opposite points of the chart on a lesser circle of the globe, drawn some fifteen or sixteen degrees north of the equator. Being now, so destiny has willed it, on my long way from the one to the other, I cannot refrain from speculating on what further circumstances of opposition may possibly exist between them, or from hoping that such circumstances may be neither many in number nor essential in kind. The Philippines are, by all accounts, pleasant places, isles of Eden, lotus-lands; but pleasanter, more lotus-bearing, more Eden-like than are the West Indies, taken as a whole from Jamaica to Trinidad, they can hardly be, or afford in their turn brighter and better memories than those which three years of the Caribbean Archipelago have, with few and insignificant exceptions, stored away in my mind. True, indeed, that some of the Lesser Antilles, our present topic, are in a manner less desirable than others, because less favoured by nature or the course of human events. Thus, for instance, Barbadoes, though well peopled and highly cultivated, has no pretensions to picturesque scenery of coast or inland; while the Virgin Islands, barren, abandoned, and hopeless, as they now unfortunately are, might not unsuitably exchange their historical denomination for that of the "Lone Spinster Islands," or the "Old Maids" downright. Nor they only, but the entire northward-

lying group, formed by the adjacent Leeward Islands, namely, Saba, Eustatius, St. Kitt's, Nevis, Antigua, and the rest, may, with scarce an exception, be included in the same catalogue of unproductive aridity.

Want of rain, a want now protracted over the space of nearly twenty years, has, more than any other cause, wrought among them this desolation; though to what adverse influence this very want is to be attributed would be hard to determine. By some the too reckless clearing of the original forests is inculpated as the cause of drought, some ascribe it to a gradual shifting of the magnetic poles, and a corresponding declination, north or south, of the tropical rain-belt itself; others, again, bring in a verdict of guilty against the inconstant Gulf Stream; and others, with about as much plausibility, accuse the sins of the people, the Colonial Office, and perhaps Sir Benjamin Pine and Confederation. But whatever may be the cause, the effect is as evident as disastrous; nor has any modern Elijah as yet appeared to dispel by prayer or science the all-too-stubborn drought of this Samaria of the west.

Poor gray islands, noble outlines of mountain and vale, stately blanks, unfilled by the varied details of prosperity and life! Waist-deep they stand, thirsty and forlorn in the midst of the unprofitable salt sea waters, vainly baring their parched-up bosoms to the pitiless sky; while far overhead the white clouds, borne along hour after hour on the strong wings of the trade-wind, mock their want with an ever-renewed, ever-unfulfilled promise of rain, till, day by day, what was once green pasture land parches up into brown, burnt-up stubble, gaunt trees stretch out their once leafy boughs in the gray nakedness

of premature decay, and the valleys that in bygone years waved with the golden green of the ripening harvest, now stretch down the hill slopes in pale yellow streaks of juiceless cane. A melancholy sight; let us leave it behind as we pass on southward to better prospects and more cheerful isles.

The turning-point, so to express it, of the West Indian climate, the line that distinguishes the well-watered tropical region from the arid sub-tropical zone, is for the present situated about the latitude of Guadaloupe, a large and fertile, but in more respects than one an ambiguous, island; French in title, but little visited by foreigners, and hardly better known to the generality of Frenchmen themselves. Yet Guadaloupe, like Martinique, has the advantage, if advantage it be, of a spokesman in the person of a "Député," sent by universal suffrage, or what does duty for it, to the Representative Chamber of Versailles, where the West Indian members take their place, as I am told, somewhere in the caudal portion of the Extreme Left. Nor, I regret to say it, are the sentiments of the insular majority the Deputies represent a whit more favourable to stability or order, under whatever rule, than those of Victor Hugo himself; strange instance of what one of our deepest thinkers has justly called the "baffling" element in human nature. Here are islands, fertile indeed, but diminutive as fertile, on whose behalf and for whose advantage the great mother country has lavished rather than spent, and still, even at the time of her own greatest need, continues to lavish, sums that our own more frugal government would find by much too costly, or rather would never dream of finding at all, for the benefit of giant Australia, New Zealand, or the Cape, with all their dominions, all their provinces. And yet, in return for its unbounded liberality, the French Administration meets with little from its subjects, whether in Martinique or Guadaloupe, whether black or coloured, but an unpopularity so decided that not all the machinery of French prefectures

and "mairies" can in election time determine so much as a vote, much less a return.

Some excuse for this wide-spread spirit of opposition may indeed be found in the curious fact that the white lords of the soil are, in spite of Frohsdorf manifestoes and the persistent imbecility of the "lilies," even now (*risum teneatis amici*), Legitimists almost to a man; though a few, condescending somewhat to the dictates of common sense, apologetically confess Imperialist propensities. On the other hand, the coloured folks are with equal or greater unanimity, and certainly more logic, Republicans, not to say Communists; while the blacks, so far as their philosophical "live-and-let-live" temperament permits their taking part on either side, follow the lead of their more restless half-brothers. Another cause is to be found in the too general adoption, throughout two-thirds of the island, of the "Central Factory" system, the very system so preconized by theorizing economists as the one great panacea of all West Indian ills. These factories have, however, in their practical working not cured but rather intensified every existing evil of the land, financial, political, and social. It is impossible in the limited space of an article to enter into the numerous and complicated details of so vast a topic; enough to say, summarily, that these factories have deeply disturbed the social balance of Martinique by degrading the independent planter-proprietor, the typical monarch of the land, into the dependent inferiority of a mere head farmer; that they have even more dangerously disarranged the political equilibrium by disconnecting the agricultural population and the labourers at large from their traditional lords and leaders, and massing them together instead into the turbulent crowds of mere factory workmen; while the financial evils of their infliction, amounting latterly to a real crisis, are due to a combination of circumstances and results the investigation of which would be better suited to the pages of a blue-book or a political economy

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Yet Martinique, with its rich soil, its gentle slopes, its superabundant irrigation, its noble harbours, is of all the Lesser Antilles the most nature-favoured, a very emerald among inferior gems; and when my French hosts laughingly asked me, as they often did, "What can possibly have induced you to give this territory back to us, after having once held it for your own?" "Our inconceivable ignorance, I suppose, and our blundering unwisdom," was the only plausible answer that I could make for ourselves. I should also add, lest my preceding remarks on the political condition of the island should be taken in too absolute and accordingly in too depreciatory a sense, that the Martinique Creoles, coloured or black, bear no unfavourable comparison with the native-born population of other West Indian colonies, either for energy, capacity, or intelligence; and that the urbanity and general refinement of taste and bearing which are admittedly the distinguishing characteristics of French society, on whatever side of the Atlantic, are by no means wanting among the nationalized Frenchmen of the land of the lovely Josephine.

The mention of this name reminds me how, during the three weeks that the courtesy of my French hosts detained me a willing lingerer in their pleasant companionship, I enjoyed the long-wished-for opportunity of visiting the birthplace of the bride of the First Napoleon, and the ancestress of our talented though unfortunate friend and ally, the late French Emperor. On the southerly side of the noble Fort de France bay, and within the limits of the "La Pagerie" estate, stands, or rather stood, at some distance from the coast, the pretty little dwelling-house of "L'Hermitage," where the Taschère family long resided, preferring, it seems, the picturesque seclusion of the spot to the livelier but more exposed neighbourhood of "La Pagerie" and the "Trois Îlets." The dwelling-house itself, the home of the beautiful Creole's

childhood, has, alas, disappeared; and a few foundation traces yet visible in the mango-grove that nestles in the slope of the green valley just where it rises upwards to the abrupt volcanic heights of "Montagne la Plaine" beyond, are all that remains to tell where it once has been. But the future empress herself was not born there. Somewhat lower down in the ravine, close by the torrent that of old times supplied water to the sugar-mill, stood and yet stands the old-fashioned factory or boiling-house, strongly built, and sheltered from the chances of weather by steep banks on either side. Hither Josephine's mother was carried for safety when the hurricane of 1761 threatened every less solidly constructed tenement with ruin; and here, in an upper room, now floorless, and open to the outer air on every side, Napoleon's good star rose on the world. To me, not being a French politician, and accordingly not incapable of appreciating the splendours, however blurred by faults and failures, of the most brilliant dynasty of our age, it was a marvel to see a spot possessed of such interest, worthy of such veneration, one might have thought, to whoever had shared in some degree (and what Frenchman did not?) the glories and the gains of the great empire, now abandoned to the neglect of absolute forgetfulness, if not contempt. To keep the homely vault—it is nothing more—in decent repair would not, I should think, have been too heavy an expense for the national treasury; and among the many monuments that throughout the dominions of the Tricolor commemorate events or persons of far less importance, surely a slab of marble might have been found to mark the birthplace of Josephine, the ornament of the first, the parent of the second empire.

Fortunately for herself, Martinique has, however, atoned in some measure for her negligence at L'Hermitage by the handsome statue of her imperial daughter that now occupies a central position in the wide tree-shaded "savanah" of Fort de France. To what par-



ticular hand the workmanship of the statue is due, I know not ; but the execution is decidedly good, and the beautiful features of the young general's bride are said to have been faithfully reproduced in all that art can transfer from flesh to marble. Curiously enough, those features seem, in the fullness of the lips, the gentleness of the eyes, and the general outline of the face, to belong to that peculiarly attractive type in which a slight admixture of African blood gives to its possessor that rounded voluptuousness of contour, no less than that warmth of colour so often wanting in the purely European Creole. Whether, as the island tradition affirms, such a union was really traceable in the Taschère family, or whether, as national prejudice has anxiously proclaimed, the ancestral origin always remained French, and French alone, is a question difficult, if not impossible, to decide on merely annalistic evidence. But if the statue at Fort de France bears a truthful resemblance to its original, there can, I think, be little doubt that to her other imperial titles the great empress added that of consanguinity, however remote, with the Nile Queens of old time, whose granite effigies still smile in calm serenity of power among the lone colonnades of Luxor and the Egyptian palms.

Midway between Martinique and Guadeloupe lies Dominica, won, like the sister islands, from its former masters by the sword, but, unlike them, retained beneath the conqueror's flag. Little inferior in size to Martinique itself, it as much surpasses it in wonderful picturesqueness of scenery as it falls short of it in adaptability for general cultivation. Indeed, in the wild grandeur of its towering mountains, some of which rise to five thousand feet above the level of the sea ; in the majesty of its almost impenetrable forests ; in the gorgeousness of its vegetation ; the abruptness of its precipices, the calm of its lakes, the violence of its torrents, the sublimity of its waterfalls, it stands without a rival not in the West Indies only, but, I should think, throughout the whole island

catalogue of the Atlantic and Pacific combined. But waterfalls and precipices are objects more welcome to the artist than to the planter ; and the angles of landscape beauty are not generally coincident with those of agricultural productiveness. And so it comes to pass that of the two hundred thousand acres that form the surface of Dominica, scarcely one-tenth part, if even so much, is actually under cultivation. The capital town, Roseau, though a cheerful and thriving place in its way, with its neatly-paved streets, pretty cottages, gay gardens, and handsome Catholic cathedral, numbers less than five thousand inhabitants ; and the pleasant orchard-embowered negro villages sprinkled here and there along the coast have comparatively few counterparts amid the labyrinth of rock and wood that forms the bulk of the island.

Yet human life, the one true meaning and summary of all other sublunary life, the tongue and purport, without which rocks, trees, waters, skies, suns, however "sweet and pleasant things," as the old temple-building monarch of Jerusalem called them long ago, are, for all that, feelingless and dumb, is not absolutely wanting even in the inmost recesses of the Dominican mountain-maze. Deep in emerald valleys, hemmed in by ravine and precipice, overhung with towering tree-ferns and the glossy giant leaf of the wild plantain, moist with the daily showers that suddenly sweep down like white curtains from the dark and jagged heights overhead, to be as suddenly followed by the hot sunshine of the cloudless blue, till every form of vegetable life springs up and flourishes in a confused plenitude of beauty—even here in these seemingly inaccessible Edens, glisten between rock and forest the scattered huts, each with its little garden of half-reclaimed wilderness of flower and leaf, where live the wood-cutter, the charcoal-burner, the negro cultivator, each with his swarming family, part and parcel of the wild yet gentle nature around. Scenes where rises the thought so old

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and yet so new, old as Hesiod, as Horace, as Ebn Toghray, recent as Goldsmith, as Cowper, as Wordsworth—the thought disclosed in sudden gleams amid the fitful storminess of Byron, nor wholly unknown even to the atmosphere of our own day, and its prophet, the bard of *Locksley Hall*. It is the thought that always abides, though it may not be always perceptible, in the depth of every human heart that has a depth, in every mind that is not mere surface and show, "were it not better with me here than in the turmoil of events and politics, in the restlessness of science and progress, in the artificialities and conventionalities of civilised life? Were there not here for me, in this wood-cutter's hut, in this garden shed,

'More enjoyment than in all this march of mind,  
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind?'"

Vain thought! Better it might be, perhaps, in itself; but, better or not, it is not for thee. The same all-governing law, the same absolute and ever-present decree which made that peasant, that wood-cutter, what he is, and placed them one and all where they are, that gave form and being to the rocks and forests around them—the great external existence of which their individualized existences and thine are but the manifested expressions, admits no modification, no reversal of its ordinance, allows no barter or exchange of the conditions it has determined. Thou art what thou art, as they are what they are; the sympathy, be it never so deep, that draws thee from thy appointed place may refer to a past or foreshadow a future mode of existence: in the present it is mere ineffectual longing, utterly vain.

Back, then, to the civilised and sociable life, with all its kindnesses, all its little-nesses, that awaits us in Roseau; the quiet island haven, where the daily ripples of pains and pleasures, of ambitions and interests, of parochial victories and district defeats, may well, even

when most agitated, pass for absolute calm if contrasted with the great waves of the mighty human oceans, called Continents, States, Kingdoms, Empires. To one fresh, I will not say from Europe, but from Demerara, Jamaica, or even Barbados, Dominica may stand for a symbol of absolute quiet, of repose, of stillness, almost of sleep.

Yet when that acute observer of the surface of things, A. Trollope, on his visit to Roseau, describes the place as dreamy, declining, nay, dead, he falls into an error which those who take him for their guide—and in the majority of cases he is a safe one, to follow—would do well to avoid. Neither Dominica nor its capital can justly be described as unthriving, or devoid of hope for the coming years. With a climate of singular healthfulness, a rich volcanic soil, a copious rainfall, an industrious and intelligent population, and a surplus in the insular treasury, the fortunes of the colony are already on the rise; and the cultivation of coffee, in which it formerly excelled, and now has fortunately resumed, is a surer staff to lean on along the road of success than the bruised, if not broken reed of sugar. It was in Dominica, and Dominica alone of all West Indian Islands, that my eye was gladdened by the sight of the genuine, undegenerate coffee-plant of Yemen, a very different shrub in produce, as in leaf and general appearance, from the ordinary growth, West or South African in its origin, I believe, that constitutes the plantations of the West Indies and Brazil. Every one knows how superior the Arabian is in every respect to the South American berry; and the cultivation of the former, if rightly and intelligently carried out, cannot fail to prove for Dominica a mine of prosperity and wealth. Cocoa too flourishes here, or rather, were proper care bestowed on it, would flourish, scarce less vigorously than in Trinidad itself; the lime-groves of Dominica already rival those of Montserrat; vanilla finds nowhere else a more congenial temperature or soil. Few, indeed, are the sources

of well-doing common to the western tropics, sugar to a certain extent excepted, that are wanting to Dominica, or rather in which she does not of herself abound and excel.

But it is not precisely with these topics that I have at present to do, nor is there any great need for dilating on them here. The British West Indies, like the negroes that form the bulk of their population, have no lack of panegyrists, or of calumniators either; judicious or injudicious, truthful or exaggerated, as the case may be; and whoever lists may amuse himself by balancing the ecstasies of Kingsley against the cynicism of Trollope, and the Jamaica of the *Quarterly Review* against that of Dr. Greig and *Fraser's Magazine*. To each man his own opinion; or mine, after a tolerable amount of observation and experience, is that, taking into account the many defects and shortcomings to which everything under the moon, flesh or non-flesh, is the natural and well-endowed heir, not least so perhaps within the tropics, the British West Indies yet remain a pleasant home to the colonist, a good investment to the capitalist, a happy land (or lands, if you will) to the native; that their white population is, as a rule, right-minded and energetic, their coloured classes clever and progressive, their blacks industrious, orderly, and the very reverse of barbarous or ill-disposed in any respect. And Dominica, the first among the Lesser Antilles for picturesque beauty, is by no means the last in the catalogue of industry, productiveness, and prosperous hope.

And having said this much of the island in general, and what it has in common with others of the Lesser Antilles, I will now describe, or at least endeavour to describe, something it possesses, the like of which is certainly not to be found elsewhere throughout the whole West Indian region, nor, so far as I know, in any other region of the New World or the Old; I mean its "Boiling Lake."

Hot springs and boiling pools, some

of tolerably large dimensions, do indeed exist, and plenty of them, in these latitudes. All down the range of the Antilles, from Saba to Tobago, there is hardly an island but owns its "Soufrière," or solfatera; the crater, it would seem, of some volcano whose eruptive energy has by degrees dwindled into that milder form, a specimen of which is familiar to the easy tourist of the European continent at Pozzuoli in the neighbourhood of Naples. Some of these soufrières are wholly or almost extinct, and have subsided into mere yellow-tinged ashpits, where perhaps a scanty thread of light vapour, or a tepid spring, finds its way through the surface, and witnesses to the expiring embers of a slowly dying fire below; others again are still active, and make a very creditable display after their fashion. Thus, in the soufrière of St. Lucia, for instance, not far from the celebrated "Pitons" of that island, the floor of the steep crater is pierced by a dozen large hollows, circular in form, and varying from four to sixteen feet in diameter; each over-boiling furiously, one with coal-black water, another with milky white, a third with gray mud, a fourth with a mixture of all these; while countless little apertures, some barely an inch across, send up steam or hot water in noisy jets, and have done so without material diminution or increase ever since the first memories of the earliest colonists, full two centuries ago. In Martinique, on the contrary, the only soufrière on duty—it is situated among the slopes of the great extinct volcano, Mont Pélée—has of late years fallen half-asleep. But none throughout the Caribbean Archipelago can rival either for extent or activity the "Grande Soufrière" of Dominica; none other rewards its visitors with the wondrous spectacle of a "Boiling Lake."

However, not the lake only, but the Soufrière itself, within the circuit of which it is situated, had remained alike unvisited, though their existence was vaguely rumoured, for a hundred years past. Several smaller and more acces-

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sible soufrières are scattered throughout this highly volcanic island; and they had often been explored, either out of mere curiosity, or for such hopes of profit as the sulphur they contain might afford; a profit that but for the difficulties of transport might in some instances be not inconsiderable.

But in the south-east of the island there rises a mass of abrupt forest-clad ridges, over which a white cloud ever hovers night and day; or, if blown asunder for a few hours by the strong trade-wind, soon reunites to brood as before over its native haunt. The ascent of these summits, though more than once attempted, had for seventy years at least remained unaccomplished; tradition only, speaking through an old French description of the island, told of a large and active "soufrière," nestled amid the highest ranges of the south; and added that the hot and steaming "Sulphur river," whose milky waters rush down crag and precipice to the Eastern Sea, close to what was then called "Point Mulâtre," or, now, Mulatto Point, took its origin in a boiling lake, which also was situated in the same mountain region. But for a century or thereabouts, not only had no European succeeded in penetrating to this reported wonder; no negro charcoal-burner, however familiar with the "bush," had pushed his roving to the brink of the soufrière; the Caribs even—of whom a few families, with the instinctive shrinking from civilisation and organized labour peculiar to their kind, yet lead a secluded and savage life on the south-eastern coast, not far from the banks of the Sulphur river itself—knew nothing, or at any rate had nothing to say, of the lonely region that towered above their abodes. The strong smell of sulphur, that when the wind happened to be from the south-east, reached the town of Roseau itself, though at a distance of fourteen or fifteen miles in a straight line, alone gave witness how huge must be the dimensions, how constant the activity of the soufrière whence it proceeded.

So matters stood when, on a January

morning in 1875, an exploring party, headed by two young and enterprising English colonists—the one a district magistrate, the other a medical practitioner—took on themselves once more the task of verification or discovery. Abandoning the shorter but impracticable line of track that led up from the eastern coast, and had been already tried, but unavailingly, they wisely determined to assail this stronghold of nature's wonders from the easier slopes of the west, on which side the distance was greater, but the obstacles, as they judged, less insurmountable. Their idea was correct, and their safe return to Roseau, after three days' absence in the forest, brought with it the confirmation of the existence alike of the "Grande Soufrière" and the "Boiling Lake," both of which they described as by far surpassing in extent and grandeur anything yet known in the West Indies, though difficult and even dangerous of access, nor available to any ends except those of curiosity, perhaps of science.

During a second visit, which was effected some months later than the first, the explorers discovered a somewhat more circuitous but easier line of approach, following which the most dangerous and break-neck pass of the former route could be evaded. On this, as on the former occasion too, the adventurers bivouacked in the depth of the forest, close to the soufrière itself, where they constructed an "ajoupa," or improvised wood-hut, for shelter during the nights that had unavoidably to be passed in this wild region.

The third, and up to the present date the latest, expedition to the "Boiling Lake" was on the occasion of my visit to the island in the spring of the present year, when Dr. Nicholls, the same young and energetic medical officer who had taken a leading part in the two former expeditions, again proposed the attempt, and undertook the organisation of the party. It included besides ourselves two other Englishmen—the one a member of the

"Colonial Bank" establishment, the other a son of Mr. Eldridge, the deservedly popular administrator or president of the island, whose guest I had the good fortune to be at the time. All my companions were young, active, and possessed of every quality, bodily and mental, that could be required for an enterprise such as ours; but they, like myself, were unacquainted with the *soufrière* district, and the leadership of the band was therefore gladly entrusted to Dr. Nicholls, who showed himself entirely equal to the duties of the undertaking.

So one spring morning early, mounted on sure-footed island ponies, we rode out of Roseau, and set our horses' heads and our own eastward, in quest of the "Boiling Lake." Our way led first up the beautiful Roseau valley, with its steep cliffs and over-shadowing woods, mingled with the bright yellow of ripening cane-fields and the darker foliage of cocoa or coffee plantations, with small European residences or negro huts peeping out here and there, till we came in sight of the great waterfalls, each a hundred feet in height, by which the waters of the Roseau river cast themselves headlong from the central range. Higher and higher we climbed the mountain side, amid that scenery which description has so often attempted, but never can realize for those who have not themselves witnessed it, the scenery of the West Indian tropics; where the noblest forest growth that fancy can picture, mixed with tree-fern and palm, over canopies, bank and dell, thick matted with fern, golden, silver maiden-hair, every lovely variety of leaf and tint, amid red-flowered balisiers, white-blossomed arums, and a thousand other gems of Flora's crown, the whole lit up by the purest sunlight, and glittering as it waved in the glad morning breeze. Stopping a moment to drink from a mineral spring of some note, we rode on till a narrow horse-path led us across a broken plateau to the little hamlet of Laudat, about 1,500 feet above the sea. Here our guides, or

rather the carriers of our provisions, hammocks, and so forth, awaited us, to perform with us the remainder of the proposed route on foot, as neither horse-track, nor indeed any other track, except what we might make for ourselves, existed further on.

Laudat is the furthest village inland in this direction, and its neat little wood cottages, about twenty in all, each apart, and at some distance from the others, are inhabited by a hardy, chocolate-coloured race, in which French, Carib, and negro blood seems, by the indications of feature and limb, to have been mixed in tolerably equal proportions. In front of Laudat the view is open, and reaches down the Roseau valley to the blue Western sea. Behind the village-plateau rises a dense wall of forest, and further back, height above height, the central mountain range. The peasants' "gardens," to give them their established West Indian name, or, as we should call them, fields of yam, banana, legumens, and the like, reach in irregular fashion a mile or so upwards into the woods. Our provisions, a couple of hammocks, a few blankets, and such like gear, were here divided among six of the negroes, or quasi-negroes of the place; two of whom also carried large cutlasses, in order to fray the way through the innumerable "lianes" or creepers that weave the forest, together with a network that, like the Gordian knot, may be severed by force, but not disentangled by skill.

Other and doughtier uses might have been anticipated for these formidable-looking weapons, but there were none such in truth. Wild beasts of dangerous kinds, and indeed any wild beasts at all, except harmless little agoutis, are rare in the forest; venomous serpents are unknown; the number of insects even—scorpions, centipedes, ants, and the like—is remarkably small, possibly owing to the large proportions of sulphur and iron with which the soil is everywhere imbued; and "perils of robbers" St. Paul himself, were he Apostle of Dominica, or, I believe, of any other British West Indian island,

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would have none to record. Our preparations had only in view a rough march, and a day and night, or, indeed, more likely two days and two nights, amid the mountain solitudes, at a height where the cold was sure to make itself almost unpleasantly felt, though we counted on sheltering ourselves under at least the relics of the "ajoupa," erected and repaired on previous occasions.

It was now noon, and if we wished to reach the ajoupa before nightfall, there was no time to be lost; so without delay we marshalled our file, the cutlass-bearers in front, the heavier-laden baggage-bearers in the rear, and off we started on foot, to toil onwards as we best might until the evening. A walk of this kind, through a pathless wilderness of mountain and forest, offers much to interest and much to amuse, though at the same time much to weary, those who undertake it; but a detailed description would, I fear, tend rather to produce the latter than either of the former feelings in the reader. A mere sketch may therefore suffice.

For some miles our ascent lay under a green canopy of glistening leaves, sixty, eighty, or a hundred feet above our heads, and between giant tree trunks, smooth and stately, ornamented, or rather garlanded, each one with lovely creepers, parasitical ferns and mosses, and strange twining growths that might in form and colour have furnished hints or models for the most exquisite patterns that ever decorated china or glass. During this part of the journey our chief, indeed our only annoyance, the inevitable fatigue of climbing excepted, arose from the multitudinous snare-work of roots that twined and twisted like snakes in every direction along and across the way to entangle and trip up whoever did not take care to direct his eye before his foot. Once past the Laudat gardens no trace of man or man's work was visible for the rest of our journey. As the ground continued to rise the forest trees diminished in height and size, while, on the contrary, the undergrowth of bush, often trouble-

some from its thorns and prickles, continued to increase till we reached the margin of a deep ravine, down which a rapid stream rushed on its way to join the Roseau river.

Here the character of our march changed, the continuous slope up which we had climbed thus far giving place to a succession of the abruptest gullies that it has ever been my lot to traverse. Hands and feet were alike in requisition as we toiled onwards, now clinging for help to the small tree trunks through which we forced our passage, at the continual risk of laying hold of some deceptive bough, rotten in all but its outward bark; or, worse still, catching for support at a prickly stem that pierced fingers and hand with its sharp needles; till when, after several hundred feet of a climb that might have done honour to the most dare-devil of Marryat's midshipmen, we found ourselves at the top of the ridge, it was only to begin over again, after an interval of hardly a yard's breadth, a descent, steeper, if possible, and more venturesome than the ascent before had been. This manœuvre we repeated half a dozen times, every ridge being somewhat higher than the one passed, with the occasional unpleasant variation of having to follow up some torrent, pent in between perpendicular crags on either side, where we made our way by jumping, gracefully or otherwise, from one slippery boulder of volcanic rock to another, at a tolerable risk of dislocated or broken limbs, and frequently sliding off knee deep into the water that foamed and roared around. "What idiots we must look were there anyone to see us!" was the thought that occurred to me again and again as we performed fantastic capers in the grasshopper style, or rivalled the postures of a band of clambering spider-monkeys, minus their prehensile tails. Possibly the same thought may have crossed the minds of my companions also; but except an occasional English ejaculation, the same, it might be, that Byron declares to have no like for emphasis in any other language, and Blake considers to have a very bracing and beneficial

effect, when any small misadventure, such as a slip, a fall, a wounded hand or foot, or the like bad hap befell one or other of the climbers, I think nothing but what was heroic and befitting heroic deeds was said or sung by any individual of our party—at least, among its European contingent. The blacks and half-blacks laughed at everything and nothing; but that was with them a matter rather of habit, I fear, than of heroism; while ever and anon a mocking bird from behind its leafy screen laughed securely at us all.

The sun's rays, visible at rare intervals through the dense wood, were fast slanting to a level, when, after a long and weary struggle up the highermost gully, we stood at last on the central ridge of the island, looking down on either side to west and east: to west, where the low sun brightened into one dazlingsheen the now distant Caribbean sea; to the east, where steep mountain tops sunk down one below another to the restless, white-waved Atlantic. A little further on we plunged again into a labyrinth of small trees thickly planted in a deep layer of decaying vegetable matter, intermixed with slender bamboo tufts, where we were hardly able to make out the right direction of our path amid the maze of green young trunks; till from in front a light suddenly broke in on us, as though there was nothing but open sky before, and so in fact it was. All at once, with hardly a warning, we stepped out of the continuous forest, right upon the edge of a sheer precipice several hundred feet in height; while below us lay a huge valley, or rather gulf, reeking in every part with thick white sulphur vapours that rose from the depths and curled up the bare sides of the abyss. Holding on to each other's hands, or to the shrubs that grew nearest the edge, we leaned over as far as we dared, gazing down into the steamy chasm below, and resembling in a very general way the Dantes and Virgils of Flaxman's statuesque outline, where they bend over the margin of Malebolge, it may be, or of the awful bridge that spans the flaming gulf.

Now, indeed, we had before us the Grande Soufrière; but how were we to descend and explore its depths? In front was a sheer precipice of volcanic rock and hardened ash intermixed, a naked crag suggestive of almost certain falls and broken bones on the rocks below, and down the face of which the *Antiquary's* Lovel himself would hardly have ventured, though the rescue of an Isabel Wardour had depended on the trial. By this descent, however, such is the ardour of first discovery, Dr. Nicholls and his companions had once ventured, but only once, glad on a second visit to have discovered a longer but less dangerous track, that, winding half-way round the crater, leads to a slope, sufficiently abrupt in all conscience, but conveniently clad with trees down to the immediate neighbourhood of the sulphur sources.

This path we unanimously resolved to try once more; and after much cutlass work among the tangled bush growth, and many involuntary gymnastic feats of the kind described already, we finally reached the lower ledge, on which we had fore-determined to pass the night. Great was our joy to find, just as darkness was closing in, the identical ajoupa erected so long ago, sheltered from the chances of storm by overarching trees, and strengthened by the indestructible vitality of its own materials; every stake, every support, having taken root in the rich soil, and now throwing out foliage and branches enough to form a living roof in place of the dead thatch and driedleaves which still partly covered it. Here we lighted our fires, and while our supper of cabbage-palm, salt fish, and other West Indian delicacies, was preparing, listened to the bubbling roar and frequent explosions of the sulphur-sources, now not a hundred yards below, watched the large fire-flies as they glanced between the trees, and inhaled, along with the more congenial smoke of tobacco, frequent whiffs of sulphur vapour; while every article of silver on our persons, watch, chain, stud, coin, or whatever it might be, turned black in the fuming atmosphere of the gulf which

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now shut us in among its depths. To say we had a merry evening, and a sound sleep afterwards, in spite of vocal tree-frogs, huge crickets, and other wood insects, probably of the beetle family, whose hard toil did not, it seemed, divide the night from the day, or rather rendered the former the noisier of the two, would be unnecessary for those who know what is meant by a long day's march and a camping out in the forest. As for those who do not know, let them try; they will be all the better for it.

Next morning we were up betimes, and partly by our own efforts, partly by sheer compliance with the laws of gravitation, descended the bank, and soon found ourselves on the soft ash-bed that paves the half-extinct crater. From innumerable sources, large and small, some sulphur-encrusted with bright yellow, others blood red with iron oxide, or white with insoluble salt, magnesium principally, I believe, there gushed up a mixture of boiling water and steam, amid a constant tumult of noises, hissings, bubblings, explodings—here more, there less—throughout the whole extent of the gulf. The waters, white, black, and red, mingling at the lower end of the valley, rushed out in a strong torrent, scalding hot, and steaming as they went; in many places the vapour-cloud formed a thick impenetrable veil; no plant but an ugly bluish-coloured broad-leaved *Clusia* grew for some distance from the blighting fumes.

We did all that is customary for travellers to do; tested the heat of some sources, irritated others by attempts at choking them up with stones; thrust sticks into the yellow paste of ash and sulphur, over which, in many places, the foot cannot safely tread; gathered specimens of the various deposits; and, above all, admired the lonely, demoniacal grandeur of this semi-infernal hollow; till, remembering that the "Boiling Lake" was yet unvisited, we renewed our way, picking our steps carefully among scalding pools and over the treacherous sulphur crust that

rang hollow to the tread; till we reached the main exit of the *soufrière* waters at the lower end of the crater.

For a little distance we then followed the torrent's course, that struggled seawards through a narrow gully, rendered unpleasantly warm by the vapour of the particoloured water reeking from its source, and yet further heated by a steaming milk-white cascade that leapt down in a giant curve, not unlike the outline of the Swiss *Giesbach*, from the cliff on our right; while to the left an isolated, but noisy sulphur-vent smoked like a dozen united limekilns. The "Black Country," of Wolverhampton notoriety, is a weird place, and suggests weird ideas enough, whether traversed by night or by day; but it is "mild-domestic" compared to Nature's own "White Country," the sulphur region of *Dominica*. A world like this abandoned to volcanic agencies, as *e.g.*, the moon is supposed to have been at some unlucky epoch of her existence, would be a more fitting abode than even the biblical *Babylon* for the *satyrs*, dragons, and other doleful creatures of the prophet, a throne for *Arimanes* himself.

Turning north-east we clambered for an hour or so, first across a knife-like dividing ridge, and then among the broken hollows of a second crater or *soufrière*, considerably larger in dimensions than the first, but comparatively quiescent; a silent, burnt-out region of ash and sulphur, surrounded by high bare walls of pumice and volcanic crag. Little steam was here visible, nor were any explosions to be heard from underneath; but the many springs of white, yellow, red, or black water that pierced and furrowed the spongy crust in every direction were all hot, and told of fires yet smouldering at no great distance below. In front of us rose a bare ridge of heaped-up pumice and ash, shutting off the southerly segment of the great crater as though with a partition wall; and from behind its range, vast columns of steam whitened against the dazzling blue of the cloudless sky. We took the intervening barrier at a run; and checked ourselves

short at the top; a few steps more would have sent us head foremost into the Boiling Lake.

A strange sight to see, and not less awful than strange. Fenced in by steep, mostly indeed perpendicular banks, varying from sixty to a hundred feet high, cut out in ash and pumice, the lake rages and roars like a wild beast in its cage; the surface, to which such measurements as we could make assigned about two hundred yards in length by more than half the same amount in breadth, is that of a giant seething cauldron, covered with rapid steam, through which, when the veil is for a moment blown apart by the mountain breeze, appears a confused mass of tossing waves, crossing and clashing in every direction—a chaos of boiling waters. Towards the centre, where the ebullition is at its fiercest, geyser-like masses are being constantly thrown up to the height of several feet, not on one exact spot, but shifting from side to side, each fresh burst being preceded by a noise like that of cannon fired off at some great depth below; while lesser jets often suddenly make their appearance nearer the sides of the lake. What the general depth of the water may be would be difficult to ascertain; but a line stretched out over the edge from the end of a pole indicates a sheer descent of fifty or sixty feet within a couple of yards distance from the shore. The heat of the water, where it beats in seething restlessness on the cliff is  $185^{\circ}$  F.; we tied a thermometer to a stick and found the surface temperature at the distance of a few feet further on to be almost  $200^{\circ}$  F. The height of the lake above the sea is a little over 2400 feet; an elevation which, at an average atmosphere temperature of  $64^{\circ}$ , gives the boiling point for water at  $207^{\circ}$  F., or near it.

The lake is evidently supplied for the most part from springs within its own circuit; but a little stream, formed by the union of two small mountain rivulets, runs down from the heights to the north; the water of the brook is cold, and may contribute somewhat, especially

in the rainy season, to the volume of the lake. The addition must, however, be slight; for the highest water-line along the cliffs, marked partly by erosion, partly by a bright yellow band of sulphur deposit, was at the epoch of our visit, that is, at the conclusion of the dry season in Dominica, only a few inches above the actual water-level; an additional proof that the lake is almost wholly supplied from below. In fact the principal effect of a heavy rain shower or an augmented inflow is said to be a sudden increase in the violence of the surface action, the result doubtless of the shock produced by the meeting of such very opposite temperatures.

This torrent, by the stones and earth brought down with it in its descent, has formed a slope which, though steep, permits of a cautious approach to the water's edge; everywhere else the cliffs are absolutely perpendicular; but gradually lessen in height towards the southern extremity, where a gate-like rent has been formed, through which the waters rush out in a scalding torrent, and bear their heat with them far down the mountain sides, as they seek the Eastern Sea at Mulatto Point. No vegetation, except the dreary *Clusia* before spoken of, with a dingy kind of moss, and not more cheerful-looking growth of *Pitcairnia*, exists within the immediate range of the heated sulphureous vapours; but on looking round we see the further background closed in by noble forests, like those we had traversed on our way hither. To the south-east the prospect offers a rapid descent from height to height, each clothed in woods. The island shore itself is hidden from sight by the steep perspective line; but beyond it the calm sea mirror comes in view, and further yet the northern extremity of Martinique, its yellowing cane-fields distinctly visible, though more than thirty miles distant, through the pure transparent atmosphere. Above us was the deep azure of the sky, veiled ever and anon by massive wreaths of steam, that ceaselessly rose in capricious swirls,

to be caught up and scattered by the trade-winds, then to reunite in one dense canopy overhead. Seen from a distance these steam-wreaths form the cloud so often noticed by seafarers as they coast along the southerly shore of Dominica, and look high up to the rugged crest of the Grande Soufrière.

Here we remained, as long as prudence and the mindfulness of the long and difficult route that lay behind us permitted, in wondering delight; tried to walk round the lake along the cliffs, but could not manage it; took measurements; tested the heat of the water; irritated the geyser-like action, where not too far from the margin, by throwing down stones, which were followed, after nearly a minute's interval by the usual result of a more violent ebullition than customary; and lastly, attempted sketches from several points of view; but found the attempt to be a pursuit of art under difficulties, amid the blinding steam and pungent vapour.

I wish that I had some interesting legend to recount connected with the spot; and for such we curiously inquired, but in vain, from our dusky attendants. No negro, no Carib tradition adds the wonders of imagination to those of fact; no story of past demi-god or devil, of nymph or neckar, assigns an origin or a history to the lake. Yet superstitious beliefs and tales of all kinds abound among the negroes of Dominica no less than of every other West Indian island; and stories of the kind are often attached to localities and surroundings of much less extraordinary or rather of the most ordinary and prosaic character. A highway corner, a tree on the village green, a piece of ruined wall, has its "jumby," its "duppy," its apparition, its haunting power; while the deep forest, the mountain cave, the wild ravine, the gloomy hollow, remain untenanted by the creations of preternatural belief. But thus it often is, not in the West Indies nor among negroes only, but under other skies and among other races. Whether the seeming anomaly

tells against the Buckle theory of man's passivity to natural law, or whether it can be accounted for by that very law, and so brought into accordance with the general system of the experimental school, I cannot say; indeed to investigate a question of so indefinite a character would be not less laborious than unprofitable. But certainly the amount and the quality of local superstition have, in countless instances, nothing to do with the very circumstances to which the philosophers of that school would most readily ascribe their origin and shape. The Egyptian, on his level, uniform strip of plain, beside a river regular as clock-work in its annual variations, and under a sky unvaried by cloud or storm, is brimful of the beliefs we term superstitions; "Afreet," "Ghouls," "Kotrobs," and a hundred other chimeras dire, of names to make even a German orientalist stare and gasp, these are to the natives of the Nile valley things of every-day occurrence, realities of common life, not so much credited as experienced, witnessed, known. Meanwhile the Swiss peasant, amid the wildest scenery of mountain and forest, the most varied and startling phenomena of climate and season, has scarcely—except perhaps in a manufactured novel—a story of the kind to recount. Russian folklore, that demoniacal menagerie of strange shapes and preternatural existences, has been elaborated amid the most undiversified, the dreariest monotony of scenery that Europe or Asia can afford; while tedious legends of saints and virgins, pale transcripts at most, equally devoid of feeling and of originality, are all that the romantic and awe-inspiring scenery of Spain has produced to the world. Just so, to adduce an oft-noted illustration, the most exquisitely carved and choicely painted images are rarely the objects of popular devotion, or accredited with supernatural power; while the miracles of some hideous discoloured daub, or very commonplace doll, are reckoned by thousands. Either, then, it would seem, the source, the origin, of these



strange imaginings is wholly within us ourselves, or if without us, it is something not to be analysed or explained by actual sense.

Be this as it may, the Boiling Lake has, for aught that we could discover, remained a mere natural phenomenon for Indians and Creoles no less than for Europeans, up to the present day; and when we were about, however reluctantly, to take our leave of this wonder-abounding spot, and one of our attendant negroes, turning back, addressed the vaporous gulf with a cabalistic "Salaam-Aleykum" picked up from some African cousin of Mohammedan origin, he gave the first and only expression of superstition aroused by the view.

For ourselves a more prosaic consideration suggested itself to our minds, as, tired with rambling and scrambling (there is high authority just now for dualistic phrases of the sort, and my readers may pass me this one), we rested ourselves by a little spring, not far from our ajoupa, in a narrow hill-shaded glen, and drank the chalybeate waters, sparkling with carbonic gas, that welled up at our feet, amid a matted growth of golden fern, wild flowers, and giant moss. What a magnificent sanatorium might not be erected here, beside the waters, sulphureous or ferruginous, of every temperature, every quality, for bath or drink, here, amid the pure cool atmosphere of the heights, an atmosphere that might alone seem a sufficient restorative for impaired health, and strength exhausted by the lowland heats. By the margin of sources absolutely unimportant and inefficient compared to these, the French colonists of Martinique have erected the baths and sanatoriums of the Eaux du Prêcheur, the Eaux Didier, and the

Eaux St. Michel; and yet are they not in this respect almost outstripped by the Anatolian Turk, who has constructed cupolas and lodging apartments by the side of every "Ilijeh," or "Healing," as he names the hot mineral springs of his nature-favoured land? Have we then yet to take sanitary lessons from the Turk? or to learn from the French the right use to be made of the goods the gods provide us?

But it is not man, it is Nature herself that is here in fault. She has, in the Grande Soufrière and Boiling Lake of Dominica, fenced in her treasures with such rugged barriers, interposed so many obstacles to access, that all the financial resources of the Leeward Confederation, and of the Windward too—if our Barbadian friends ever permit its formation—would fail to make, not a carriage-road, but even a tolerable bridle-path from the coast up to these heights. "Once in a twelve-month is enough for an expedition like this," was the unanimous verdict of our party when, in the dusk of evening, we at last reached Laudat, and found ourselves with just enough strength remaining to mount our horses and ride slowly down the Roseau valley, partly illuminated by a crescent moon, and more so by innumerable fire-flies, each a living burning lamp, and re-entered Roseau late on the second night after our departure. Many others than ourselves will, I hope, in the course of time visit what we visited, and admire what we admired; but none will, I think, enjoy themselves more, or carry away pleasanter recollections, not of scenery and Soufrière only, but of cheerful companions and good fellowship, that it was our fortune to do.

W. GIFFORD PALGRAVE.

## A WORD MORE ABOUT THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

In the January number of this magazine there appeared a very vigorous and instructive article by "An American Republican," treating the Presidential Election from the point of view of one closely connected with the party politics of the United States and thoroughly conversant with their details. The present writer is one unconnected with American parties, and his point of view is simply that of a sympathising observer of the great experiment on the success of which depends the future of society in the New World.

I remember, at the outbreak of the Civil War, an old Whig statesman planting himself in front of the fire at a club, and demonstrating to the semicircle, in accents of the most serious conviction, that the result must be a military despotism, to which he assured us his correspondents in the United States—"the best men in the country," of course—were already looking forward with pensive satisfaction as the sole, though melancholy, mode of deliverance from sanguinary anarchy and fiscal ruin. He had no doubt among his hearers more than one who sympathised with the wish which may, without breach of charity, be assumed to have been partly father to his thought. He had one who was as far from sympathising as possible. But that one would have found it very difficult to give a reason for the faith which he cherished, that the Republic would survive, and come forth purified by the fire. Judging from European experience, both ancient and modern, the old Whig statesman had all the probabilities as well as mature wisdom on his side. Yet we now know how far he was from being in the secret of destiny. Though pretexes and opportunities for military usurpation were not wanting; though covert treason notoriously abounded, and armed treason

once raised its head in the North, civil liberty was never for a moment in serious peril, nor had any loyal citizen, or even any disloyal citizen, who abstained from overt action against the State, reason for a moment to say that he was living under the government of the sword. At the end of the war the Republic had half a million of men in arms. Of the rest of the population, no small portion had passed through the camp; military ambition had been kindled in many breasts; whatever of military spirit there was in the people had been excited to the utmost pitch; galling provocation had been received from the governing class in England, and Canada lay open to invasion, while the navy of the Republic, if not powerful for ocean war, might have been deemed sufficient, as an array of floating coast defences, to guard the American shores against retaliatory attacks by sea. Yet in a few months, one might almost say in a few weeks, the whole of those armed multitudes had quietly blended again with the civil population, and resumed their peaceful industries without causing the country an instant's uneasiness as to their intentions. In the South a certain measure of armed repression was inevitably required; in the North scarcely a sign of the military spirit, not a vestige of military ascendancy, remained. If the victorious general was elected to the Presidency, the motives, so far as the North was concerned, were gratitude for his great services, respect for the strength and simplicity of his character, confidence in his loyalty to civil liberty, and the belief that he would resolutely set his face against corruption. As to the reign of terror and the bloody saturnalia of vengeance by which it was confidently predicted that the American Republicans would display the true

Republican propensities, and emulate their political forerunners in France, they dwindled into the execution, after legal trial, of a single man, not for rebellion, but for the murder of helpless prisoners committed to his hands, and of whom he had starved to death, shot down, or otherwise assassinated, on the most moderate computation, several thousands. We shall be better able to estimate the amount of self-control implied in such humanity if we compare it with the sequel of any other civil war, even among a people so eminent for self-control as the English; or if we turn to the diary of Lord Elgin, who appears inclined to endorse the opinion that the British reign of terror at Delhi, after the suppression of the Mutiny, exceeded in real severity the massacre of the people of Delhi by Nadir Shah. My own eyes are witnesses that in the very agony of the struggle the treatment of prisoners by the North was humane, or more than humane; and if there was not an entire absence of bloodthirsty language, there was an absence of it remarkable when compared with what might have been expected, and with what we were all condemned to hear, even from sentimental, even from religious lips, after the Indian Mutiny, and after the disturbance in Jamaica.

Again: I remember that just after the conclusion of the war, I was in company with a number of men whose opinions on any subject within their knowledge would have been far more likely to be right than mine, when the subject of conversation was American finance. All present, except myself, scouted the idea that the Republic would pay her debts. Payment in depreciated paper was the utmost measure of faith with the public creditor, which they thought it not chimerical to imagine that the American Government would keep. The suggestion of payment in gold they laughed to scorn. I ventured to submit that if my observation of American character did not deceive me, the Americans, though they no doubt had rogues among them, were, as a community, too moral to repudiate;

but that waiving that reason for my opinion, in which I could hardly hope to carry English Conservatives with me, I must confidently maintain that the good sense of the people, and their appreciation of the value of their public credit to them as a commercial nation, were far too great to admit of their doing what Spain, Austria, and some other powers with high pedigrees had done. It is needless to say what the event has been. Nothing has ever happened more afflicting to the friends of reaction, unless it be the economical success, now apparently past question, of the French Revolution.

Once more, on the eve of the great Ohio election, when the balance was wavering between sound currency and inflation, I heard ominous words from the lips of financiers, who were forecasting the condition of their investments in case sound currency should kick the beam. But, though I could not pretend to any special knowledge of the politics of Ohio, I had by that time seen enough of the American people to feel confident that though they might go, or allow their politicians to draw them, alarmingly near the brink of a precipice, especially in a case where much honest delusion mingled with agencies not so honest, on the brink they would stop. The Ohio election went in favour of sound currency. Not only so, but it was pretty clear that had the hard-money men trusted the good sense of the people, and avowed their principles more frankly at the outset, their majority would have been larger than it was.

These were pretty severe trials, when we consider not only what civil war is, but what it leaves behind it, and when we further consider that this civil war was not a mere conflict of dynasties or of opinions, but the mortal shock of two antagonistic systems of society, each of them bound to destroy its enemy or itself to perish. It was evident that great and patent as were the evils of the Republic, moral forces of no common strength must be acting on the other side. No adamant

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faith, therefore, was required to sustain the conviction that the crisis caused by the doubtful election to the Presidency, formidable as it appeared, would be peacefully and legally surmounted by the good sense of the nation. Formidable the crisis did appear; and it was not difficult to understand why commerce trembled and, for a moment, the wheel of business stood still. The stake was immense, in regard of patronage as well as in regard of power; and some of the principal players on both sides were the characteristic offspring of a revolution, as audacious as they were able and as unscrupulous as they were audacious, ready, it might well be supposed, to throw everything into confusion rather than resign their prize. The warning of the Civil War, with all its miseries and burdens, it is true, was recent; but it is true also that the embers of the Civil War had not ceased to glow. Amid the hot breath of those embers, and by the hands of partisans whose factious and selfish passions were excited to the utmost pitch, the country, itself agitated through its whole frame by the contest, had, in effect, to construct on the spur of the moment a law and a tribunal, which the constitution had failed to provide, for the decision of a suit the subject of which was supreme power and the parties to which were the two halves of the nation. That this should have been accomplished, that personal cupidity and ambition should have been overruled, as up to the present moment they have been, notwithstanding the pestilent efforts of bad men on both sides, and that there should have been no disturbance of public tranquillity in the north and not much in the south (where, if the military interfered, it was for the most part in such small force as to render it little more than a symbol of the federal government), certainly does not prove that the experiment of democracy is an assured success, but it does prove that there is hope in that experiment, and that it is worth while to struggle for reforms and to mend defects in the machinery

of the constitution, which would be waste of labour if the core of the community were unsound.

Besides the general result and the moral to which it points, there are some special points in this contest which deserve attention from the point of view here taken, partly in the way of encouragement and partly in the way of warning.

A long and steep hill has yet to be climbed before the very best men in the United States can be nominated as candidates for the presidency. But both the nominations on this occasion were creditable to the parties and to the country. Neither Mr. Hayes nor Mr. Tilden is an incarnation of party violence like Jackson, an available nullity like Harrison, or a mere intriguer like Buchanan. Governor Hayes is not a man of first-rate eminence, but as lawyer, soldier, and politician, he has earned general respect, and no impartial person ever doubted that the interest and the honour of the Republic would be safe in his hands. The right man on the Republican side probably was Mr. Bristow, the hero of administrative reform, because his nomination would have been the most decisive protest against administrative corruption; but, as has already been said, that the right man should be nominated is more than can at present be expected; and at all events those aspirants who would, under the circumstances, have been most emphatically the wrong men, the noted party managers and opponents of administrative reform, were set aside notwithstanding their undoubted ability, the services which, in a narrow way, they had rendered to the party, and their command of the machine. Mr. Tilden, as manager of the democratic party in New York during the days of Tammany and Slavery, has unquestionably touched the pitch which no man could touch without being defiled. He is also, in common with his olitical associates, open to just criticism on the ground of his conduct towards the national cause during the Civil War. But he has always belonged emphatically

to the more respectable wing of his party; he is personally a man of eminent ability and high position; he has displayed perfect self-control as well as great sagacity in the conduct of this campaign; and as Governor of the State of New York, he has signally identified himself with the cause of administrative reform by a vigorous and successful onslaught on the Canal Ring which is the centre of corruption in that State. The attempt to cast a slur on his personal integrity by bringing up against him a stale charge of making false returns to the income-tax is one of the most discreditable incidents of the campaign. He, as well as Mr. Hayes, would probably, at times go, make a very good president.

It is always said that in the United States the best men are excluded or keep aloof from public life. There is too much truth in the allegation, though, unless goodness and wealth are absolutely convertible terms, it should not be too complacently repeated by a plutocracy from whose Parliament every one is excluded but the rich, and over the door of whose "Temple of Honour," as the House of Lords has been styled, is written, "No admission for any one who has not wealth to support a title." There is too much truth, I say, in the allegation; and the fact is partly discreditable, as it arises from the unwillingness of the wire-pullers, into whose hands the representation under the system of party government has fallen, to allow any one to be elected except a party slave. Partly it is not discreditable, but the inevitable concomitant of a state of society in which the best men are all busy men, and men who would not consent to leave important and lucrative occupations in order to take up their residence during a great part of the year at Washington, and debate questions which in ordinary times are neither very stirring nor very momentous. The remark holds good, to at least as great an extent, of our Colonies, their monarchical form of government notwithstanding. But if the representatives of great

interests and of great moral forces in the United States do not personally sit in Congress, their collective influence on public life and on the course of government is becoming every day greater and more visible. The chiefs of commerce especially interpose with manifest effect whenever the interests which they represent are in peril. At their instance, and in reliance on their support, General Grant made that memorable use of his veto for the financial salvation of the State, which is about the brightest spot in the somewhat sombre record of his political career. It appears that on the present occasion their representations have been most effective in putting down the violence of the extreme party politicians, and enforcing general acquiescence in a peaceful and legal settlement. Perhaps in the absence of what is called a leisure class, a reputed blessing which can be enjoyed only at the expense of an immense amount of evil in the shape of abject idleness, luxury, and the demoralization which luxury brings in its train, we can hardly aspire to more than an honest and tolerably capable set of administrators, acting under the control of the great interests and the sound opinion of the country. Political administration, or legislation about current affairs, is after all not the highest work of man, nor the supreme source of happiness and progress in a nation; and if a really great question presents itself, it is virtually solved now-a-days by public discussion outside the walls of the legislature, which does little more than register the verdict of public opinion by its vote. From this cause the importance of all parliaments is waning, and the debates of all of them are falling dull. Assuredly during the Civil War the best men in the United States, if they did not go to Congress, were far from keeping aloof from public life; they did their duty to their country as citizens with the utmost ardour and devotion. A certain number of rich Americans no doubt were even in those times to be found in the pleasure cities of Europe, repeating in the pleased ear of Imperialism or aristocracy the old com-

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plaint that under a democracy the best men are excluded from politics; but the presence of these censors on the Boulevards or in Pall Mall at the moment when their country was struggling for her very existence might in itself have sufficed to breed a suspicion as to the perfect identity of a large income with civic virtue.

In the sort of moral interregnum consequent on the failure of the ballot to give an undisputed head to the nation, an unusual responsibility has been cast upon the press. It seems to be generally allowed that this responsibility has been well borne, and that even the party journals have on the whole, and considering what party spirit is, shown themselves moderate, reasonable and loyal to the public good. Having drawn upon myself the wrath, always outspoken, of the American press by combating the exaggerations, as they may be now said to have been judicially pronounced, of Mr. Sumner's famous speech on the Alabama question, I shall, perhaps, be the less open to suspicion of partiality in saying that unless I am much mistaken, the level, both intellectual and moral, of American journalism has been visibly rising during the last ten years. It has fully shared that general upward tendency, the reality of which, notwithstanding all the utterances of despondency, I, for one, cannot doubt. Among the sources of its improvement I am inclined to reckon the increased ascendancy of native over foreign writing and management; for though the fact may be unwelcome to Europeans, the imported elements of transatlantic journalism have, as a rule, by no means been the best. All this may be said without denying that there is ground for the complaints which are still heard, and room for the exertions of those who are endeavouring to give young men the means of training themselves more highly for a calling which is of almost fearful importance in any free country, and, above all, in a country so greatly swayed by opinion as the United States.

The approach of a Presidential Election is invariably the signal for the emulous manufacture of every kind of scandal. Genuine materials unfortunately are seldom wanting; but no charge is too fictitious to be taken up by party spirit, and made the subject of an imposing investigation. On the present occasion, Mr. Kerr, a public man in the front rank of his party, and a possible aspirant to its highest prizes, was solemnly accused of having sold himself, his reputation, and his hopes, through a doorkeeper of the House, for the sum of four hundred dollars, paper currency. An impression is thus produced that American corruption is a malady without limit and past cure. American corruption is a malady only too real, and a source to all loyal citizens, and to all who wish well to the Republic, of grief as just as it is profound; but that it is not without limit we have had some proof on this occasion. The Presidential electors are a very numerous body, and they are themselves elected merely as faithful delegates of a party; so that they are probably not above the average of public men in their power of resistance to corruption. By bribing a few, or, even as it appeared at one time, by bribing one of them, the election for the Presidency might have been turned. Yet so far we have not heard that anything of the kind has been seriously attempted, or that either party has deemed it possible to secure victory in that way. The fidelity of the whole body to their party engagements appears hitherto to have remained unshaken; and though fidelity to party engagements is not a very high motive, and if it was allowed to conflict with the interest of the country was certainly a wrong motive, it is at all events different from pecuniary corruption. There may be disclosures yet in store, but what we have seen up to this time has tended to confirm me in the belief that the corruption, lamentable as one cannot too often repeat it is, is not diffused through the whole political and social frame—in which case there

would be no hope of a cure—but has special seats, and is amenable to definite remedies. Its special seats I apprehend are a removable civil service, the prize and bribery fund of party; and the railway and private bill legislation. The remedy in the first case is a permanent civil service, which is the aim of all American reformers; the remedy in the second case is less obvious; but it might be found, so far as railways and other works are concerned, in a system of reference from the legislature to a professional board, as disputed elections in England are referred to the judges. The railway mania of 1846 in England produced practices in Parliament which, though better veiled, were, according to general belief, much of the same kind as those which English critics too often assume to be specially characteristic of the United States. Set out a great commercial gambling-table in any community you will, and the result will be nearly the same. Another thing urgently needed by the American Republic, and not by the American Republic alone, is, in place of the cumbrous and precarious process of impeachment, a sharp law against political corruption, and a tribunal clear of party politics for its enforcement. The betrayal of his trust for money by a member of the legislature is a perfectly tangible offence, and one which calls for condign punishment as loudly as any felony in the code. But the sphere of corruption, I repeat, appears to be limited. No great national question, so far as I am aware, has ever been decided, or been supposed to have been decided, by bribery; and that the administration is not a mere mass of rottenness, however rotten certain limbs of it may be, seems to be sufficiently proved by the flourishing state of American finance, and the rapid reduction of the public debt. Turkey is a mere mass of rottenness if you will, and in her case bankruptcy is the result.

There are some American reformers who, especially on the subject of corruption, seem unwilling to be comforted;

who are afraid that you will deaden the public sense of the evil if you speak in any tone but that of despondency and objugation. But exaggeration may beget despair, and despair can only produce apathy. The lamp of reform must be kindled by hope, though the oil that feeds it may be that of virtuous indignation. If the malady is severe, the restorative forces are still strong. "I shall call the times bad when they make me so," is a deep as well as a noble saying; and there are many Americans in public life and millions out of it who have not that justification for despairing of the times. What is American corruption to English corruption in the last century, or to French corruption under the Second Empire? Yet both England and France live.

This very election ought to inspire reformers with hope, for it has, in great measure, turned upon reform. The gains of the Democratic party in the North were due to a reaction against the vices of the Republican administration. That General Grant has been personally guilty of corruption is a party figment which may be given to the winds: at worst he can be plausibly charged only with a certain want of delicacy and a certain propensity to nepotism; but there can be no doubt that the group of men into whose hands, after a feeble effort to save himself, he had fallen, and the official appointments he had recently made, were such as to convince the people that in that quarter there was no hope of a better system, and that the only chance of improvement lay in a complete change. Reform was throughout the North the telling cry. Reform gave the Democratic nomination to Tilden, the overthrower of the New York Canal Ring. Reform, on the other side, killed Conkling and Blaine, the leading friends of the administration, while it brought Bristow, a man distinguished only by his zeal as a reformer, displayed in his crusade against the whisky frauds, within no great distance of nomination. Whether the Democratic managers, in the event of their coming into power,

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will prove to be more sincere reformers than their antagonists, is another question; it was because the people were determined to give them a trial that their party polled so large a vote in the North; and if they disappoint the people there is reasonable ground at least for hoping that the people will oust them in their turn.

I cannot see the slightest reason for apprehending that the nation has changed its mind on the issues of the war, or that it would allow the settlement of any of those issues to be disturbed. Mr. Tilden broke the customary silence of a presidential candidate to abjure any intention of the kind. The electioneering device of "shaking the bloody shirt" proved ineffective, because on that subject everybody felt secure. The heroes and martyrs of the war may rest in peace. Slavery is dead and buried deep under a tomb more immovable than the great marble tomb of Calhoun: the Southerners of my acquaintance even say that the South herself would not restore slavery if she could. The other article of the old Democratic creed, the extreme and anti-national doctrine of State Right, was maintained in the interest of slavery, to which it afforded a protection against Federal legislation; it is not likely now to be revived in its pristine form. Not only has it bitten the dust on the field of battle, but it has become a practical anachronism. Railways running through a number of states, and the extension of commercial interests and connections, would render state isolation impossible at the present day. But there is also a reasonable doctrine of State Right, without respect for which this vast confederation, embracing such a variety of local elements, cannot be held together, and which has been placed in some peril through the ultra-unionist spirit naturally evoked by the struggle against disruption and the prolongation of the quasi-dictatorial powers conferred on the central government by the stern exigencies of the war. A Democratic victory which reaffirms and ratifies anew this reasonable doctrine

of State Right, can only be useful in that respect to the confederation.

Carpet-bag rule and military intervention at the South must of course stand or fall with the party, or rather the group of politicians, by which they have been sustained. But on the showing of the Republican orators and journalists themselves, who declare that white terrorism and outrage still prevail at the South, the system of carpet-bag rule and of military intervention, after a trial of eleven years, has completely failed.

What system will succeed it is difficult, let who will be in power at Washington, to say. Still irrepressible is the negro question. Political equality has been decreed by laws which nobody, so far as I can learn, now wishes to repeal: but the decree can hardly take practical effect without social equality, which again is unattainable without intermarriage; and intermarriage between the whites and the blacks there will never be; there is less chance of a fusion of the races if possible since the abolition of slavery than there was before. The difference of race will exert its power. You cannot always keep a bayonet under the chin of each of the blacks to make him hold up his head politically on a level with that of the white; yet if you do not, his head will be bowed by the sense of natural inferiority; he will become politically a dependant, and the distinction between the dominant and the subject race will return. Still this state of things will not be slavery; it will be far removed from slavery; and perhaps it is the only practicable solution of the desperate problem which the slave trade has forced on the New World. Thought of taking arms again on the part of the South there is absolutely none; and the process of reconciliation is likely to be hastened by the election of a President who has received the Southern vote.

In England, with the defeat of one party and the triumph of the other comes a change in the spirit of legislation on all subjects. But in America, the bulk of the legislation belonging to

the State, a revolution of the political wheel which reverses the position of Federal parties, is much more limited in its effects. This remark is of special force when the struggle has turned not upon any legislative question, but upon administrative reform. So far as it goes, the Democratic reaction will be conservative; that is to say, it will tend to check the advance of the revolutionary spirit which, excited by the overthrow of slavery, has not been content to stop there; but, having cast down the barriers of privilege, seems to be proceeding in some quarters to attempt the removal of the landmarks of nature, especially with regard to the family, and the general relations between the sexes. Rational progress, political or social, is in no peril whatever. By the overthrow of the slave-owning aristocracy, which ruled with the help of the lowest populace of the North, the ascendancy of the true Republican spirit, as well as of the more respectable classes, was restored, and since that time reforms at once conservative in the best sense and genuinely Republican, have begun to make way in some of the states. The principle of the minority clause has been adopted and the independence of the judiciary has been increased by lengthening the judge's tenure. It is not likely that any change in the fortunes of Federal parties will arrest the course of these reforms.

There is just as little danger of any change for the worse in the relations of the Republic with other countries. The Democratic party bears on its records the evil memories of the Mexican War and the Ostend Manifesto. But the policy of aggression was the policy of slavery, stimulated by the fell necessity of strengthening its interests in the Union by the addition of new slave states; with slavery it has died; and a nervous fear of any further extension of territory is now the prevailing sentiment on all sides. St. Domingo has been renounced; Cuba has failed to tempt; Mexico, by frequent border outrages, has courted conquest and annexation, but in vain. A certain love of filibustering and of

bullying other nations, irrespective of any definite policy, which was also native to slavery, has been laid in the same grave. As to the relations of the Republic with England, General Grant deserves the highest credit for having settled the Alabama Question, the more so as the temper and the ambition of a soldier might naturally disincline him to peaceful settlements; but the Democrat Reverdy Johnson had previously negotiated a settlement which the Republican Charles Sumner had overturned. Let who will be in power, Republicans or Democrats, we are safe, not against occasional disagreements, but against any serious collision, if the British aristocracy can be content to abstain from meddling with the affairs of a hemisphere where it has no business to be, and from attempting, out of selfish fear, to disturb the development of institutions, which, whether destined to become universal or not, are the only institutions possible in the New World. If Canada is ever used for the offensive purposes of aristocratic propagandism, she may be in some danger from the superior force of her Republican neighbour; otherwise she is in none. That any conceivable course of political events in the United States, or the ascendancy of any imaginable party, could ever restore, in any form, the political connection of the American Republic with the aristocratic government of Great Britain is, I say it with all deference for the opinion of "an American Republican," a dream; and every true citizen of the New World must devoutly thank Heaven that it is so.

The fiscal policy of the United States, English Free Traders will say, cannot be worse than it is. Perhaps the motives which led to its adoption, and even the proportion between the evil and the good in its general effects, may be more fairly estimated by those who do not regard these questions from a specially English point of view. But at all events it is not likely to be affected in either direction by the change in general politics. There are Protectionists and Free Traders in both

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parties; fewer Protectionists in the Democratic party than in the Republican, but enough probably to prevent the question from being made a party issue. Slavery did not manufacture, and therefore slavery was for Free Trade; but slavery is gone; manufactures are beginning to spring up in the South; and the mass of the people in the North seem to feel little interest in the matter. In the journals, at least, it occupies a very subordinate place. The flourishing state of the public finances naturally disposes the country to remain content with the existing system. A Democratic victory, however, so far as it would affect the question at all, would be favourable to Free Trade. But America will soon supply her own market, whichever doctrine may prevail.

On the other hand, this contest has not been without its significance in the way of warning. Those who have learned to regard the elective presidency as a very questionable institution will certainly not have been relieved of their misgivings by the peril into which it has once more brought the State. It would be practically instructive as well as historically interesting to trace the special influences under which the American constitution was formed, and from the operation of which it could no more be exempt than any other offspring of time and circumstance, however able and wise its framers may have been. Evidently one of those influences was habitual respect for the British constitution, of which the American constitution, with its House of Representatives, its Senate, and its President, is a reproduction, accommodated to the requirements of federation, and less the hereditary principle. The president is an elective king, not like the British monarch, a king who only reigns, but a king who governs with great personal power and a patronage always large, and under present circumstances immense. The election of a king every four years is a severe strain even for the soundest polity and the strongest national character. It stimulates to the utmost

the self-seeking and turbulent ambition which is the bane and the constant peril of republics. It stirs up from their lowest depths all evil passions, and calls all bad arts and influence into preternatural activity. It brings formidable questions to a dangerous head, and causes them to assume a violent and convulsive form when they might otherwise never come to a head at all, but drag on till they were exhausted, or terminate in a peaceful solution. It did this in the case of slavery, and was thus the immediate cause of the civil war. It has done the same in the case of the questions still open between the North and the South, and has again brought on a crisis which has filled the nation with alarm, given a check to commerce, and might have led to the most serious results. The notion that a king, whether hereditary or elective, is indispensable to the constitution of a state, though deeply rooted, is erroneous, as the example of Switzerland suffices to prove. An executive council elected by the legislature, and a president elected by the council, merely as its chairman and as the formal head of the State, would probably meet all real requirements; care being taken to institute such a system of rotation in elections as to keep the executive council in harmony with the legislature, and both with the nation. The evils and dangers of presidential elections would thus be avoided, and it does not appear, either from the reason of the case, or from the experience of Switzerland, that any counter-vailing evils and dangers would be called into existence. No doubt the Americans are wedded to the existing institution: every young citizen is trained to regard himself as a possible president of the Republic. But strong prepossessions sometimes give way to the teachings of experience, though they may resist the attacks of criticism; and no people are less patient of criticism or more quick in profiting by the teachings of experience than the people of the United States.

Part of the evils attendant on an



elective presidency, the framers of the constitution may be supposed to have foreseen, and to that extent we may acknowledge their sagacity. But their antidote, the institution of presidential electors, has proved a total failure, the electors having been turned into mere postal cards of party. The idea of their doing their plain duty to the constitution and the country in the present emergency, by electing freely and giving the Republic an undisputed head, has actually been scouted as the suggestion of dishonour. The only effect of the existing arrangement is occasionally to discredit the election by giving the office to a candidate who, not having the popular majority, is not the choice of the people. Some alteration, therefore, there must be, and it is to be hoped that not only the amendment of this particular flaw in the machinery, but the whole question, will in time be submitted to the judgment of the people.

Clearly, whatever else the framers of the constitution may have anticipated and tried to provide against, their forecast did not extend to the action of organised party. And this brings us to the last and most important point suggested by these events. Party, which has hitherto been the basis of government in the United States, is apparently breaking up. And the cause is obvious. To furnish a rational and moral ground for the existence of an organised party, there must be a difference of opinion on some fundamental question, or some question of principle which is of sufficient importance to justify a citizen in surrendering his mind on all other questions to the guidance of party-leaders, and in endeavouring, as a voter, to exclude those who do not agree with him, however well qualified in other respects, from the legislature and the public service. This is implied by Burke in his account of party, and by all who have attempted a justification of the system. Without a difference of opinion on a fundamental question, party becomes faction, and party allegiance becomes alike irrational

and immoral. In Canada, for example, where the last organic question was long ago settled by the secularisation of the clergy reserves and the dissolution of the connection between Church and State, the parties are mere factions, whose struggle for power and place is ruining the political character of the people and imperilling the general interests of the country. In the United States there has, up to this time, been a difference of opinion on a question fundamental enough not only to form a basis for party, but to justify and almost necessitate a civil war. Down to 1861 slavery, as an organised party, governed the country under the forms of the constitution. Since 1861 anti-slavery has governed the country in the same way. But with slavery and anti-slavery the foundation which they supplied for party and for party government is gone; and no other rational foundation can be assigned. Free Trade and Protection will not do. It would be impossible to disentangle the Free Trade and Protectionist elements from each of the existing parties where they lie mingled together, and to effect a complete reconstruction on such a basis. The same may be said as to the question of the currency; besides which it would be absurd to think of dividing the nation permanently into two hostile camps and stirring up party spirit between them on a question which though important, can hardly be called organic, and which moreover must soon be settled one way or the other. As to administrative reform, it is the party of all good and sensible people; nobody, it is to be presumed, would propose to organise a party of corruption. Under these circumstances, party allegiance naturally becomes loosened; the party organisations are beginning to break up, and the best political elements of the nation are assuming an independent position. It is true that at the Cincinnati Convocation of 1872 the intrigues of the wire-pullers prevailed, and the attempt to nominate an independent candidate, in the interests of reform and of the country, terminated in the ill-starred party candidature of Horace

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Greeley; but great revolutions in national modes of thinking and acting are not to be effected by a single stroke, and the force displayed at Cincinnati was sufficient, both numerically and morally, to show that a new political spirit had come into existence, and that a great change was at hand. The same spirit set aside the party managers as candidates for the presidency in the Republican Convention of 1876; and it has now defeated Logan in Illinois, and Boutwell in Massachusetts. In Illinois we are told expressly that the "Independents" held the balance and turned the scale. Tilden must have received the votes of a large number of "Independents," who had seceded from the Republican party on the question of administrative reform. The most widely circulated of all the journals, and the one which most successfully studies popular sentiment, is now outside the party lines, and acknowledges no allegiance to anything but the public good. It is probable that the life of party and of party government will not in any country last for ever; opinion everywhere is rejecting shibboleths, and refusing to be coerced for party objects and confined within party lines; so that unless the course of events should take an unexpected turn, there will soon be no firm basis left for a party, but some mass of class interest, such as a dominant plutocracy, the ascendancy of which would be an unmix'd evil. But in the United States a crisis has apparently arrived, which will compel the people, on pain of seeing the state become the prey of mere gangs of political adventurers scram-

bling for power and pelf, like the political adventurers of Spain and Mexico, to discard party and look out for some other foundation for a stable and honest government. The task may be a hard one, when the party system has prevailed so long that even the most open-minded and enlightened journalists seem wholly unable to conceive the existence of any other. But the destiny which calls to the task is not unkind; for a party, at the best, is little better than a faction; it generally ends by becoming a faction; it necessarily appeals to feelings which in the most virtuous of men are not identical with devotion to the public good; it always divides those who ought to be united, and it too often unites those who for the interest of the community had much better be divided. There is little use in talking of administrative reform while party reigns, for party must purchase support by patronage, and the purchase of support by patronage almost inevitably glides into corruption.

More serious questions than even that of party government are now stirred, problems more formidable than even the most fundamental problems of politics now suggest themselves whenever a nation, or humanity, is deeply moved and subjected to a severe trial; we see by many signs that the foundations of morality itself, public as well as private, are unsettled, and will have to be settled anew. But these are not subjects to be discussed here, and the difficulties and dangers arising from the moral crisis belong not to the United States, but to universal Christendom.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

FRENCH NOVELS AND FRENCH LIFE.<sup>1</sup>

IN spite of all that has been written and said—not without truth—about the errors of public taste, it may be safely affirmed that when a book reaches its twenty-ninth edition it possesses considerable merit of some kind. It may be useful, instructive, clever, or simply amusing, but one of these things it must be, for even the work of the best known writer will not go beyond a certain limit of success without something more substantial than a name to recommend it. With the exception perhaps of usefulness, M. Daudet's novel possesses all the virtues we have enumerated,—we say perhaps, in deference to the opinion of those who hold that truth of any kind is always useful. Indeed a glance at the cover of the book reminds us that it has been *couronné par l'Académie Française*, and the title to such "crowning" is precisely the fact of being "*un ouvrage utile aux mœurs*." Personally, we confess our inability to discover the usefulness of these pictures of bourgeois vice so unsparingly exposed, but the French Academy and the French public ought to know best, and these two great authorities have proclaimed in their several ways the morality of M. Alphonse Daudet's work.

It must be said that novels are judged in France, as regards their moral tendency, by singularly indulgent rules. They may be summed up thus :—The author has not held up vice to our admiration, or rendered virtue ridiculous and disagreeable; his bad people are not successful in the long run, or, if they are, they do not succeed, thanks to their badness; *ergo*, his book is worthy of being crowned. Judged by this lenient code, M. Daudet is undoubtedly entitled to a triumphant acquittal. He has

certainly not rendered vice attractive. In his pages it has neither wit, grace, elegance, nor even gaiety, and Sidonie, his entirely bad heroine, the embodiment of unmitigated selfish vice, without one redeeming point or even an amiable weakness, leads a life which seems to us only by a few shades less dull than that of her virtuous, long-suffering rival. The poetry of vice—if we may be excused so immoral an expression—is entirely absent. M. Daudet has painted good and bad bourgeois of both sexes, but the same prosaic atmosphere envelopes them all, and in this perhaps consists the perverting tendency of this well-meaning book. There can be no doubt that after reading it, the land of Bohemianism, with its surprises and its excitement, the varied land into which outcasts from the dull paradise of bourgeois respectability must wander forth, acquires a false prestige of romance when contrasted with the monotonous circle in which good Madame Fromont and bad Madame Risler suffer and sin.

When we have added that M. Daudet, in spite of his subject, has carefully avoided all those glowing descriptions and perilous scenes in which French novelists love to indulge, and that his book may lie on the drawing-room table, we shall have disposed of one part of our subject, which we are well aware, however, is not the one which chiefly interests English readers. The main attraction for them lies in the second title of the book, "*Mœurs Parisiennes*." Are these really Parisian manners? Is the natural question of a foreigner. If the picture is not a likeness, it is worthless. We can safely affirm that it is not only a likeness, but a life-like photograph of one ugly aspect of French society—unflattering no doubt, as photographs mostly are, but cruelly real. And

<sup>1</sup> *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné: Mœurs Parisiennes*, by Alphonse Daudet.

having said so much it is, we think, unnecessary to dwell on the story. Those whom our remarks would interest should turn to the volume itself, if they have not read it already. No one who has read it is likely to have forgotten it, and we would not spoil the pleasure of others.

A few words will suffice. M. Daudet's heroine is an irredeemably bad woman, selfish, ignorant, and totally unscrupulous. As a poor, vain, working-girl, she is devoured with envy and all the vulgar longings of her kind. Her beauty and her cunning raise her to the bourgeois class, and she becomes the wife of an honourable man, the respected partner in a large house of business. But "*la petite Chèbe*," in becoming "Madame Risler," has not changed her nature, and her "little venal soul" (*sa petite âme vénale*), as M. Daudet has it, remains unaltered. She passes through respectability unpurified and unelevated, scatters shame and misery around her, and at last drives her husband to suicide. Finally, having lost all she has toiled and plotted for, husband, station, wealth, good name, we leave her, still beautiful and always callous, sinking gaily into depths even below her starting point, and taking to a life of glitter and tawdry vice as to her native element. We found her in a garret, and take our leave of her on the stage of a *café-concert*—the right woman in the right place.

It is a story full of dramatic, and, in parts, even of tragic interest, with numerous and varied personages; and yet so flowingly told that, but for its length, one might suppose it to have been written off at a single sitting. There is none of that laboured building up of incidents, that toilsome tangling and then unravelling of the story which is perceptible in most novels. The shortest tale could not be more easily told. Thanks to this work, M. Alphonse Daudet became suddenly famous. He had been before the public more than a dozen years, and was known as the author of many short tales and clever sketches, that were both graceful and life-like, but

which scarcely gave promise of a novelist of the first order, such as he has proved himself to be. Had he possessed far less literary merit, the reality of his pictures would have entitled him to a foremost place; but he is something more than truthful, he is æsthetically truthful. He belongs to a realistic school, it is true, and the hackneyed comparison of the photographer came naturally under our pen; but his personages, photographed though they may be, are grouped with the skill of a true artist.

A novel which depicts truthfully any of the aspects of French social life should be highly prized, for it is a rare phenomenon. The French novelist may have, and often has, wit, fancy, and power; his dialogues may be brilliant, his incidents skilfully combined, his scenes of passion eloquent and thrilling, but, as a rule, his portraiture of manners and society is utterly valueless. The characters and the homes he paints belong to the domain of fancy, and might well be the inventions of some foreigner who had never visited France. English readers are often scandalized, and with reason, at the strange doings attributed in French novels to English "milords" and "charming misses," but they would, perhaps, be somewhat appeased if they could be aware that the French personages of the book are only a trifle less exaggerated and improbable. We appeal to that numerous class in England whose experience is limited to the novels published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which may be supposed to be among the best: who has not remarked that one of the stock characters among heroines is a lovely and imperious heiress, who lives alone in a château with one or two faithful domestics, and gallops about the country day and night in the wildest manner, on the most unmanageable of steeds? Even if there is an elderly relative in the background, the young and wilful Amazon is never thwarted. Now this kind of liberty is simply impossible in France. Again, there is another favourite female personage, the impassioned heroine who, regardless of social

censure, indulges in the most daring and compromising freaks on the slightest provocation—certainly a most exceptional type in a country where even vice usually respects appearances, and where social and family ties are valued so highly that passion hardly ever relinquishes them voluntarily.

As to the heroes, it may be remarked that their chief characteristic is generally prodigality pushed to a fearful extent, and this, again, is decidedly not a distinguishing trait of the national character. Indeed one might say, generally speaking, that French society is depicted by its novelists, as the children's game has it, "by the rules of contrary." As a last instance, we may point to the immense amount of travel that the French novelist imposes on his heroes whenever their loves or their fortunes take an unfavourable turn. Who does not know the stereotyped phrase: "*Un beau jour le Vicomte*" (or shall it be *le Marquis*?) "*disparut de Paris, et personne ne put dire ce qu'il était devenu. La société Parisienne s'émut pendant quelques jours de cette disparition, puis elle l'oublia. . . .*" When the Vicomte comes back to astonish oblivious society he has invariably visited Japan, Cochin China, and Central Africa, to say the least. Now, do we not know that a French traveller is a rare being, and that in real life when the Vicomte or the Marquis has failed in the romance of life he generally, in the bitterness of his despair, gives a sullen consent to his own union with the eligible young lady his family have provided for him—marriage being the mitigated form of suicide usually adopted by young *viveurs* when reduced to desperation?

It may be said that French novelists, by choosing their chief actors among possessors of long pedigrees and large rent-rolls, have wilfully rendered accuracy impossible, as they neither belong nor are admitted to the blessed regions where these things are to be found. A Frenchman of high birth and large fortune does not write novels himself, and there are usually very good reasons why he should not associate with those who do.

He is well educated, and has even been made to study hard enough, perhaps, up to the age of twenty or thereabouts—probably to pass his examination for the military school of St. Cyr; but, this point gained, with a few splendid exceptions, the intellectual effort is relaxed for life. Even the exceptions belong to politics or science, and light literature finds few or no recruits among the higher class. The scenes of aristocratic life to be found in French novels are necessarily mere fancy pictures painted by outsiders gifted with strong imaginative powers. At the other end of the social scale we have the ideal working man of socialist writers, who, if possible, is still less life-like and upon whom it is needless to dwell. Sufficient to say that he is as unreal as he is tiresome, and that is saying a great deal.

Nor is family life in the middle class more truthfully described. When a novelist condescends to represent it, the result is almost always a hideous caricature. All the unlovely and prosaic features of bourgeois life, which are evident enough, are made so prominent that they cast into shade the pleasanter lines. For the literary artist, the bourgeois is a Philistine whose function in a novel can only be to serve as a foil for the brilliant personages of that fantastic world where perfidious Russian princesses, with unbridled caprice, green eyes and boundless wealth, artists of transcendent genius, and the blue-blooded patricians, male and female, of whom we have spoken, disport themselves. Even such a man as M. Taine, writing some years ago in one of his lightest moods under the name of Thomas Graindorge,<sup>1</sup> described, we remember, a bourgeois ball in these words:—

"Dans ce monde-là les femmes ne sont pas des femmes; elles n'ont pas des mains, mais des pattes; un air grognon, vulgaire, une demi-toilette, des rubans qui jurent. On ne sait pas pourquoi, mais on a les yeux choqués et comme salis. Les gestes sont anguleux, la grâce manque. On sent des machines de travail, rien de plus."

<sup>1</sup> *Notes sur Paris. Vie et Opinions de M. Frédéric-Thomas Graindorge, Paris, 1867.*



These are cruel words, and there has not been much change in the tone of the French novelist since they were written. He is not only generally a snob, he is, above all, a "liberated" bourgeois—to borrow Heine's expression—who hates with the hate of a renegade the class from which he has escaped, while he shares unconsciously many of its mean and envious admirations.

To estimate pretty accurately how far novels in any country are likely to represent faithfully its manners, one need only consider who are the people who write, and who are those that read them. In England any one casting his eye round a room filled with tolerably educated people, might boldly affirm that nine-tenths of them were, if not, properly speaking, novel-readers, at any rate readers of novels, and he would scarcely be safe in asserting, whatever might be the appearances, that no novel-writer was present. Novels in England are written by people of all kinds. Old maids, and even young maids, widows of every variety, briefless young barristers and well-to-do elderly squires, idle attachés and overworked statesmen, all may, and many do, write novels. English society, as it is to be found in works of fiction, has been viewed and painted from all sides, and although the writer is often incompetent to describe well what he or she has seen, and, moreover, not unfrequently attempts to describe what he or she has not seen, still, on the whole, any foreigner going through a well-ordered course of English novel-reading would have a very fair idea of English society. The real drawback to this universal vocation, where, after all—here as elsewhere—few are really chosen is the production of an immense amount of writing which is not literary. But this remark does not apply only to novelists, and has nothing to do with our present subject.

In France the case is altogether different. There are whole classes of the community which furnish no readers to the novelist. No well-educated girl, whether noble or bourgeois, is ever

allowed to read novels; no man who aspires to the title of "*homme sérieux*" ever admits that he allows himself to read them. M. Guizot, it is true,—and if ever a man was "serious" he was—used to confess that, to rest his mind, he often indulged in a novel, but then he took care to add that the novels he read were English. It is much to be regretted that French girls do not read the few novels which might safely be put into their hands, for the unflinching operation of the law of supply and demand would in that case stimulate the production of works of a purer and healthier tone to suit this new class of customers. Even as it is, French writers should be encouraged to greater discretion by the immense sale of certain works—like Mrs. Craven's *Récit d'une Sœur*, for example—which must evidently be attributed in great measure to the difficulty of finding books which can interest without corrupting the young. The chief consumers of novels are, in fact, shop-girls and ladies' maids, who devour them; then, alas! young married women, whose first use of their newly-acquired liberty is to seize on the forbidden fruit of their girlhood, novels and the minor theatres; idle men who smoke over the small daily dose of fiction in the newspapers without paying much attention to what they read; and, lastly, the large class of provincial human mollusks whose only literary food is the feuilleton of their journal. These latter often cut off the feuilletons day by day and pin them together, and when the story is completed exchange them with their neighbours for another equally defaced and crumpled collection of strips detached from some other newspaper; for the bourgeois is thrifty and does not buy books. Few people, indeed, buy novels in France, except a cheap volume now and then for a railway journey, and the only customers publishers can reckon on, in ordinary cases, are the circulating libraries. The volumes which come from these pass from the grisette to the great lady, but are never allowed to lie on the

table of a well-ordered drawing-room. She who reads them hides them in her bedroom, or secretes them under the sofa cushion if a visitor is announced. There is a guilty joy in the indulgence, and the volume, moreover, is generally soiled and unseemly in more than a figurative sense.

A public such as we have described is not likely to be fastidious, or to keep its suppliers of fiction in order. Plays constantly form the subject of conversation in a Parisian *salon*, and are minutely criticised, but novels are rarely discussed. The personages of French fiction never seem to enter into the circle of real acquaintance, and their sayings do not become household words. How should they? They are almost always the product of the author's invention, not of his observation—mere book-monsters who can claim kindred with none of us.

Nor is the difference less great between novelists on either side of the Channel than between their readers. We have said that in France novelists almost invariably belong to the bourgeoisie, and very often to the lowest ranks of it, whereas in England they are to be found in all classes of society; but this is not all, nor the worst. In England, when a writer makes his first attempt in fiction, he commonly has either independent means, or some other bread-winning occupation; he feels his way, and only gives himself up to the regular production of novels when he is pretty well assured of a certain amount of success. Or, maybe, he divides his time between literature and some humdrum remunerative calling which keeps him in communication with the everyday working world he has to paint. The young French writer, on the contrary, takes a leap in the dark into the arms of the Muses—who may, or may not, let him fall to the ground—and generally forswears all other means of livelihood but his pen. He is an author by profession, enrolled in a literary corps, puts on bravely his "paper uniform turned up with ink," and thenceforward keeps aloof with con-

tempt from the uncongenial unlettered crowd, which in its turn regards him with suspicion.

His education has probably been compassed at the price of great sacrifices on the part of his family. After going through the classes of a provincial *lycée*, he has been sent to Paris on a small allowance to prosecute his studies at the schools of law or medicine. Paris life, and liberty especially, are attractive at twenty, even under difficulties; and the pleasures of youth are not necessarily expensive. He goes to the play cheaply, and often gratuitously; haunts *cafés* with his friends, where they talk a great deal and spend very little; and their conversation is of politics, literature, art, and pleasure. To speak of his intellectual enjoyments only, he leads a life which, with all its poor surroundings and even privations, is removed far above the narrow penurious home of which his holidays have left him the remembrance. He has very little money, it is true, but that little he may squander as he likes; and he has his small prodigalities. No wonder he dreads the return to his expectant family, for he knows exactly what awaits him at home—*là-bas*, as he calls it. *Là-bas*, during all these years, while he has been acquiring other tastes and habits, his future has been carefully mapped out for him, for French parents do not willingly leave to chance the happiness of their children. He knows beforehand not only where he is to live, and what he is to do, but also the woman he is expected to marry. It may be the daughter of the notary, to whose office he hopes to succeed; or the unmeaning cousin with the small contiguous property. In any case he is not expected to have either initiative or hesitation. He can foresee what his life is to be till he becomes—horrid thought!—just what his father, his *bonhomme de père*, is! It may be happiness that is in store for him, but it is not the sort of happiness that allures a heart full of hopeful fancies, and a mind stirred, perhaps, with the consciousness of talent. So after many delays

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he informs his family that he has no vocation for a provincial life, and that he wishes to seek employment in Paris. This soon calls forth a threat to cut off the supplies, followed by a quick retort from the rebel that he will support himself by his pen.

Then begins the literary life. The material difficulties may be easily imagined; and our business is only with the future novelist, and his chances of learning his business. These are very small. France does not possess innumerable magazines and reviews of all degrees, with their short and varied articles; and the French beginner cannot, like his English brother, try his hand on unpretending and anonymous "padding." The habit of signing contributions closes the columns of papers of the higher class against unknown contributors, however talented; so our *débutant* enrolls himself on the staff of some obscure journal, and, if his line is fiction, undertakes to furnish a romance for the feuilleton. The pay is small, therefore the necessities of life require that it should be frequent, and the writer, however conscientious he might wish to be, cannot spend much care or time on his work. Moreover, the feuilleton is doled out to the public in small daily fragments, and the reader's interest must be kept alive by a succession of startling incidents. These two conditions under which he labours would be quite sufficient to spoil any young writer's hand; but there is more besides. In the great city he has neither family nor connections; no respectable and cheerful homes are open to him; no cultivated and refined female society is accessible to him; and if it were, he could not afford to frequent it. Of the women he does see we had better say nothing; his male associates are almost exclusively his fellow-workers in the field of literature or art. Their chief relaxation is to "exchange ideas;" in other words, to talk over their own or their friends' work—past, present, or future. This constant intercourse with competitors in the race for public favour engenders an insane desire for novelty

and originality at any price, than which nothing can be more dangerous for a novelist. When a writer is bent on depicting what no one else has ever painted, he runs a great risk of depicting what no one has ever seen.

Such are the early influences which shut out the French novelist from the knowledge of home life and the normal aspects of the society which surrounds him. The "interloping" world—to borrow a French phrase—in which he seeks his recreation, he can portray truthfully enough. Later on, when fame, and maybe money too, have been attained, nothing would prevent his becoming a *bon bourgeois* himself, and perhaps he would like it; but by that time life has got into its grooves, and his literary habits—in which only of those—are formed. Success, however, is the exception. Light literature, which begins in Bohemia, too often ends there. M. Alphonse Daudet, in a novel entitled *Jack*, which followed *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné*, has described with painful accuracy a group of literary failures—*les Ratés*, as he calls them. Those that miss fire or flash in the pan—to translate literally the pithy French word—are a numerous and not always a harmless class in France, as her revolutions have abundantly shown. The admirably-sketched character of the actor Delobelle in the novel now before us is an excellent specimen of M. Daudet's talent for painting "failures."

But, it may be said, how are we to reconcile this sort of antagonism between society and the literary class in France, with the fact that some of her most eminent statesmen and politicians have been literary men, and more especially journalists in their day? The answer is simple. They may have been political journalists, but they were not novelists, dramatists, or poets. Revolution, of course, takes men where it pleases, and may bring a Rochefort to the front; but, as a rule, the men of letters who in France have risen from obscurity to the foremost ranks, are men who began life by devoting themselves either to public instruction, or to private tutor-

ship, and by these occupations kept themselves in contact with the varied every-day world, from which the high priests of pure literature affect to keep aloof. The professor easily slides into the journalist, or a tutor in an influential family is often converted into a private secretary, and so an entrance into political life is effected. Patronage lies at the root of more successes than is supposed in democratic France. The recently published correspondence of M. Doudan,<sup>1</sup> for example, shows the standing and social influence which purely literary merit of a certain order could obtain for a man whose origin was so obscure that it seems not to have been known even to the illustrious personages who listened to him with such deference. M. Doudan played no political part, because his bad health and still more his essentially dilettante turn of mind, made him dread the drudgery of office, but it is evident that his own will was the only obstacle to his preferment. But then M. Doudan belonged to the circle of the Duc de Broglie, in whose family he was at first a tutor.

French novelists, we have shown, are both unable and unwilling to paint society truthfully; as regards bourgeois life, it should in fairness be added that its features are, in general, neither attractive nor romantic. Before going further, we must remind the reader that bourgeois and bourgeoisie are comprehensive terms which serve to designate persons of very different social standing. Strictly speaking, the bourgeoisie includes every one who is neither noble, priest, nor peasant, and who does not work for wage or hire. M. Guizot was a bourgeois, and so is M. Thiers, and so likewise is the small tradesman who keeps his own shop. But just as we recognize an upper and a lower middle class in England, so the French, in less awkward phraseology, distinguish between a *haute*, and a *petite bourgeoisie*. The *haute bourgeoisie* has as much culture and wealth as the aristocracy, and

differs from it chiefly in having more self-assertion and less religion. There was a time, no doubt, when the title of bourgeois was a coveted appellation, but in the present day those only are proud of it who can just attain it on tiptoe. The *petit bourgeois* even, prefers to style himself *rentier* or *propriétaire*, as the case may be. Used as an adjective, the word bourgeois is not taken in good part; *air bourgeois* is synonymous with vulgarity, just as *luxe bourgeois* means show without taste. There are, however, two characteristic exceptions to this rule: *vin bourgeois* means unadulterated wine, and an *ordinaire bourgeois* conveys the idea of simple but excellent fare. Words in this case are the true representatives of things.

Even the smallest of bourgeois eats and drinks well, but these are poor materials for romance. In all countries, people who from their youth upwards have had to think a great deal about getting money and have enjoyed little leisure, are, as a rule, neither romantic, nor poetical, but with the French *petit bourgeois* there is this aggravating peculiarity: that while he spends all the first part of his life in getting money, he generally devotes all the latter part to saving it up for his children, and that having had no leisure in his youth, he gives himself up afterwards to unmitigated idleness. He has "retired;" he is henceforward a *rentier*, one of those petty fund-holders of whose numbers France is so proud. No man possesses to the same degree the art of doing nothing, without being absolutely asleep. He invents no self-imposed tasks, none of those pleasurable toils, or toilsome pleasures, which with an Englishman give value to leisure. He does not require them, and takes his leisure undiluted. The worked worsted slippers which, in the country, he loves to wear during the whole forenoon, speak volumes. The torturing shoe of the Chinese lady is not a surer impediment to activity than those easy slippers of his. What can a man do who has embroidered slippers on, but stand on his door-step and talk to his neighbours

<sup>1</sup> X. Doudan, *Mélanges et Lettres*, Paris, 1876.

next door, or to the passers-by on the muddy road where he cannot venture?

This uninteresting being is not without his good qualities. He is no snob. He toadies no man, asks nothing of any body, is honest in his dealings, has a holy horror of debt, honours his father and his mother—especially his mother, like all Frenchmen—and what is more, maintains them ungrudgingly, if necessary, out of his hardly-earned little income. He admits the equal claims of his wife's parents to his deference and support, and, in a word, shirks no family duty. Inclined as he is to self-indulgence, he, nevertheless, perseveringly curtails his own enjoyments in order to leave his children as well, or better off, than himself. He is easy-tempered too, though you would hardly think so if you heard him holding forth after dinner against nobles and priests. It is only talk, for in his heart he is far more afraid of the Reds, when, by his silly votes, he has made their advent to power appear probable. He has not the same excuse as the peasant, and does not in reality believe that any political revolution would restore to the nobility or the priesthood their lost privileges; nor is he moved by the feeling of envy which actuates the *haute bourgeoisie*, for he is too far removed from the aristocrats he denounces to think either of outshining them, or of purchasing their alliance with the *dot* of his daughter. He is merely following unconsciously the revolutionary tradition. Nobles and priests were confounded in one common execration, and he goes on hating where his fathers hated before him, because—paradoxical as it may appear—he is, unknown to himself, intensely conservative, and has not sufficient originality to have an opinion of his own. Generally speaking, it is as natural to him to be irreligious as for the *grande dame* to be the reverse. It is his birthright, and nobody expects any thing else of him. Even the *curé*, if he is a *bon diable*, as our bourgeois—irreverent even in his praise—loves to call him, will merely shake his head in good-humoured hopelessness when some profane joke is

uttered, as much as to say: "It is very sad, but of course a *petit bourgeois* must be a Voltairian and a free thinker." Even his wife, if she happens to be more devout,—which is not very likely—will take the thing quietly, being accustomed in her class to see unbelief considered as an attribute of the other sex. "What would you have? Men will be men," she says.

Most Frenchwomen have a strong sense of duty, for which they scarcely get, we think, due credit among other nations, their lighter qualities being generally supposed to be incompatible with it. To no woman is it more necessary, for, in spite of great independence and even social power, their lot is generally a trying one. Marriage is the turning point of woman's life, and in France, except in the strictly prolétaire class, all marriages are more or less arranged. That these turn out as well as they do is mainly owing, we venture to assert, to the wife's willing and cheerful acceptance of her duty. Englishmen are apt to exalt the domestic virtues of their countrywomen at the expense of all other nations, and we sometimes wonder whether Englishwomen, while receiving their due meed of praise, ever take into account the far greater difficulties under which other women—their French sisters, for example—practise those same virtues. Do they realize the fact that in the life of nearly every well-conducted Frenchwoman there has been no romance, no novel-acting, no love-making at all, at no time? Mr. John Smith is not, perhaps, a romantic being, and after a while his wife has probably found it out, but, rightly or wrongly, he was a hero of romance once for her, and Mrs. Smith has had her own novel, the remembrance of which makes it more easy for her to forgive poor John his shortcomings.

What is a woman's life without romance? So strong is the natural craving for it than many a young French bride tries to persuade herself, against all evidence, that she has been the choice of her husband and, if he is a consenting party, begins her novel at what an



English girl would consider the end of the last volume. This is sometimes successful, and love springs out of marriage more frequently than people, judging from an English point of view, would think possible. In many cases, however, the void has to be filled up by maternal love exalted into a passion. It takes possession of the empty heart and reigns supreme—the one absorbing passion of a whole life. Among the upper classes religion holds a great place in women's lives, and the constant intervention and observances of the Catholic Church afford not only encouragement and support, but, what is scarcely less necessary, occupation. But the *petite bourgeoisie* does not turn to the Church for comfort, and the lower we descend in the social scale—in large towns especially—the greater we find religious indifference. M. Daudet has exemplified this when he makes little Désirée Delobelle commit suicide as soon as she finds out that work is no longer for her a refuge against despair. She does not give a thought to any other world than the one in which there is no hope left for her. She looks neither above it nor beyond it, to fear punishment or to seek for help.

“Qu'est-ce qui aurait pu donc la soutenir au milieu de ce grand désastre? Dieu? Ce qu'on appelle le Ciel? Elle n'y songea même pas. A Paris, surtout dans les quartiers ouvriers, les maisons sont trop hautes, les rues trop étroites, l'air trop troublé pour qu'on aperçoive le ciel. Il se perd dans la fumée des fabriques et le brouillard qui monte des toits humides; et puis la vie est tellement dure pour la plupart de ces gens-là, que si l'idée d'une Providence se mêlait à leurs misères, ce serait pour lui montrer le poing et la maudire. Voilà pourquoi il y a tant de suicides à Paris. Ce peuple qui ne sait pas prier est prêt à mourir à toute heure.”

Poor little Désirée had tasted—ever so little—of the honey of romance, and she had to die. Fortunately few of her countrywomen take matters so tragically. In general, the girl of the *petite bourgeoisie* marries the most prosperous of her suitors and makes the best of him, whether she can manage to love him or not. She is the partner, if not of her husband's soul, at any rate of his

business, and no inactive partner either. We have sometimes, indeed, been tempted to think that the thrift which distinguishes Frenchwomen of this class is an instinct implanted in their hearts by a beneficent and pitying Providence to furnish some poor nutriment for the imaginative faculty which otherwise would perish by atrophy. Everything which gives the future predominance over the present offers in its way food for imagination, and though gaining and saving may not be romantic in themselves, they contain some of the true elements of romance—trust in the unknown and forgetfulness of the real in the contemplation of the unreal. The visions that “rise from a cheeseparer” are not lofty, but they are visions nevertheless, and, in so much, partake of the nature of poetry. A dull sort of poetry if you will. Still these visions give strength to the young and pretty mother to relinquish finery and pleasure and submit to daily labour and privations to put by the *dot* of her little daughter, in order that she may in her turn marry and save. Economy and frugality are not elevating influences, but, on the whole, it is perhaps more ennobling to save for others than to spend recklessly on one's self. So it may be that thrift has other uses than that of repairing the losses caused by the Franco-German war. As soon as we saw that M. Daudet had made Sidonie unthrifty and childless we knew that he had doomed her to perdition.

As we write we are reminded of one particularly bright little bourgeoisie, whose life we followed from afar during many years. When we first knew her, more than twenty years ago, she was a young and blooming bride, who took possession of the seat reserved for her at the till in her husband's shop as proudly as if it had been a throne. It was a large grocery shop in the Rue St. Denis, and the business was flourishing. Madame M——'s throne was fenced off from the shop on three sides by a brass-wire netting, leaving only an opening in front which served as a frame for her bright and ever-pleasant countenance.

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There she sat day after day, with the heavy leather-bound books and ledgers before her, always busy and never hurried; with a gracious smile for every customer, and a vigilant eye for all the shopmen. In the summer, when the Rue St. Denis was hot and stifling; in the winter, when the ever-opening door sent in cold draughts of wind, there she sat. One would like to think that in the evening there was some relaxation; but as every account that was sent in by that house, was in her handwriting, we fear there was often evening-work as well. After a time, a little girl took her seat beside her within the sanctuary of brass-wire netting, and played with her doll, or did some little bit of childish needlework under the mother's eye. The doll soon made room for slates and copybooks; but still the child was there, and kept her mother company. In time, she took her place now and then at the heavy books by way of initiation into the mysteries, while her mother worked by her side. Years went by, and Madame M—— was still there; her eye was as vigilant, perhaps more vigilant than ever, but it was less bright; her smile was as gracious and as unfeeling, but it was less varied and more conventional; in a word, her youth was gone, utterly passed away behind that commercial cage of brass-wire. The other day, looking into the shop, we noticed that there was a new master. But the mistress was not new; the child, the girl, the woman whose whole life had been spent there, now reigned in her mother's stead. The shop, her *dot*, herself, had been handed over together to the same purchaser. "Her father and mother had retired," she said. "They live in the country now," she added, not without a touch of pride.

If any one wishes to know what becomes of the retired Parisian tradesman, he should "view"—as the house-agents say—the small country houses with one or two acres of land which are for sale, at prices varying from 800*l.* to 1,200*l.*, in the vicinity of Paris. They are constantly changing hands, as each

successive owner finds out that he is not fitted for country life. It has been the dream of his—and especially his wife's—life to have a country house some day. When they used to go into the country for their Sunday holiday, the little houses with their green window blinds seemed so cool and pleasant when compared to the hot, dusty road over which they trudged. There can be no greater difference of position than that which exists between one man who stands on the high road, on a broiling summer's day, and looks at a house with pretty flowers and green trees, and another who looks at the hot high road out of the windows of that same house. And then to think that while they were toiling wearily back to the railway station and baked-up Paris, the happy owners of that house were dining with their windows open, and sipping their coffee on those green benches outside the door! No wonder they register a vow to have such another paradise of their own some day! and, unfortunately for them, they keep their vow.

The house, viewed dispassionately, is hideous—a square box with white plastered walls, and a complete absence of that creeping leafy ornament which Englishmen associate with the idea of a cottage. If there is a view, the house may, or may not, turn its back to it; the bourgeois does not much care. The garden is inclosed within four high walls, for there must be plenty of fruit-bearing espaliers. These, in their season, have their charms; but they require sun and air, so no large, unprofitable trees are suffered in their neighbourhood. The whole establishment betrays the utilitarian tendencies of the owners. There is a pigeon-house, a fowl-house, rabbit-hutches innumerable, and standard fruit trees in every available corner, but few flowers. The idea evidently is to live cheaply, and especially to make a great many *confitures*. There is no greater bliss for the *petite bourgeoisie* during the honeymoon of proprietorship than to make her own *confitures* from her own fruit, out of her

own garden. But no bliss is lasting, and ennui soon creeps into the ugly little paradise. Monsieur begins to be bored and runs up to Paris "on business;" then Madame is still more bored, and vows that she is afraid when she is left alone. She is too economical to spend her money in going up to town, and too prudent, moreover, to leave her little *bonne* unwatched during a whole day. So, at last, she speaks out boldly, and the dream of her life is got rid of to her infinite satisfaction. They return to Paris; Monsieur to his boulevards, his café, and his games of piquet or dominoes; Madame to her marketing, her gossip, and her envying friends with whom she dilates on the charms of the country house her husband *would* sell.

In a still humbler line, M. Daudet has given an excellent picture of the life of M. and Madame Chêbe at Montrouge, and there is not much exaggeration when he describes Madame Chêbe following with her eye the omnibus as it starts for Paris, and compares her to an employé of Cayenne

or New Caledonia, watching the departure of the packet for France.

With one remark we must conclude. M. Daudet's book may be taken as a picture of bourgeois manners, but not of bourgeois morals. The particular form which vice assumes in George Fromont and Sidonie, and the immorality of old Gardinois, are evidently the results of their social station, and M. Daudet, not uninfluenced perhaps by the prejudices of the literary caste, has dwelt with complacency on the ugliness of bourgeois vice; but it would be very unfair to take such people as samples of their class. It is in the details of life, in the *mise en scène*, so to speak, of the story, and in his minor personages, that he is an inimitable portrayer of bourgeois life. The opening marriage scene, the death and funeral of Désirée are wonderfully accurate pictures. Above all, the long fruitless waiting of Frantz Risler at the railway terminus is a scene which could only have been painted by the hand of a master.

H. DE LAGARDIE.

## CONSTANTINOPLE: A SKETCH DURING THE CONFERENCE.

THE artist and lover of the picturesque, in which sense only I can speak, must find pleasure, even in winter, on the shores of the Bosphorus, and so much the more so naturally when as now they form the stage on which a great historical drama is in course of action. The first and tragic part has not long been over, the second was last Christmas about to begin; while for the third the curtain may rise at any moment. In truth I cannot say that the raptures of Anastasius—immortalised though they are by a place in the *Vade Mecum* of the British tourist—appear to me fully justified; but, then, he was an adventurer and a subject of Turkey, no less than a clever Greekling. To his eyes the chief city of the Empire would naturally swell in proportion to his own self-conceit: for the greater the subject the greater must be the glory of the ruler: while to his mind, the domes of Stamboul might well glitter with gold, and the waters of the Strait run in a silver tide, when he hoped to find even the streets of Galata paved with those precious metals.

Most people approach Constantinople from the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora; partly from a natural wish to steam through the romantic channels of the Isles of Greece, partly because they imagine that the road which does not overshoot its mark must be the shortest; but if they would be content to make for the Black Sea at Varna and then come back again, they would in fact reach their goal in little more than half the time; and would find, moreover, that what they had lost in romance they had gained in comfort by avoiding some eight-and-forty hours of capricious sea; which, all isle-bespangled as it is, is apt to have in December or January some disturbing effects. The arrival from the east is greatly more imposing than that from the west, and has all the advan-

tage, to use a commonplace illustration, that has the gradual approach by a handsome lodge and noble avenue to some country mansion, over the sudden turning into its courtyard from the public highway. Tall mountains rise as sentries on either side of the first opening to the Bosphorus, and others behind them force the blue waters of the Strait to make a series of bold curves which form in appearance as many land-locked lakes. In the largest of these, at Buyukderé, lies at anchor the Turkish ironclad fleet round the *Massoudieh*, the grand-looking flag-ship of Admiral Hobart Pacha. Even before reaching that bay a few hamlets have caught the sunbeams on their yellow walls and red-tiled roofs, while from each at least one minaret has shot up its slender white spire against the mountain-side. But from Buyukderé some ten miles onward to the city there is a continual succession of buildings, either palaces on the water's edge with wide slopes of garden behind them, or villages clustering in every nook of the steep shores both of Europe and Asia. At this season the hills are brown and bare, but in the gardens many cypresses and stone pines give the requisite warmth of colour. No doubt the palaces are nearly all more or less Frenchified, but the smaller houses are still mostly of wood painted yellow or brown, with bay windows, bright roofs, and broad overhanging eaves; not unlike the cottages of Switzerland, if the constant neighbourhood of a minaret did not banish any but Oriental comparisons. So much has been written about Turkey during the last few months that the Bosphorus is nearly as familiar as the Thames, and I will not repeat an old story further than seems necessary to paint broadly this most striking spectacle of a vast street of water sweeping on for miles with many a graceful bend through an almost

unbroken suburb. It is true that half the great houses are duplicates. Your Turkish magnate likes elbow-room, and, from the Sultan downwards, possesses as many palaces as he can by any means contrive to buy or build. The European residents follow suit, when rich enough; and the result is that an inquisitive stranger who comes, as the writer came, on board the Varna boat, fancies himself back among old nursery friends, and in the land of that ubiquitous Marquis of Carabas. But when every allowance is made for this repetition of ownership, a startling residuum of population and of wealth is still left. No wonder that the crowd of provincial Turks, who had made their beds on deck, rolled up their mattresses; and with their many-coloured garments somewhat saddened by the discomfort of a voyage, collected as soon as the morning broke into groups to watch the scene with curiosity and pride. For its beauty called on deck also a highly-cultivated Pacha, who was received with much respect on coming on board the night before. The attention to him would, no doubt, have been doubled, had it been foreseen that three months would make him first subject of the Empire; and the unconcealed exultation of that courteous gentleman with the close gray beard and quick glance through his double gold eyeglass, who spoke French so perfectly, must, now that he is Grand Vizier, be taken as a factor in politics. He pointed out the apparent signs of wealth and prosperity with the evidently-implied question trembling on his lips, "Is this the look of a man sick beyond recovery?" With Edhem Pacha as a statesman I have nothing however now to do, and merely take an artist's liberty to paint him in the foreground of my picture, as I chanced to find him.

When praising the Bosphorus so highly it may seem a contradiction to say that on the whole Constantinople, even from the outside, does not come up to expectation. The size of town and faubourgs is enormous, greatly larger than their reputation, and by approaching from the east one gets

the full effect of this; but the hills of Stamboul itself are sadly wanting in height: after the steep and mountainous shore of the Strait it is a disappointment to see the long, low, mere swell of land on which the main city rises, and of which the outline, if not helped by numerous domes and minarets, would be very tame indeed. Then the Seraglio Point is too much broken up by unconnected lines of building and straggling rows of trees to form a well-marked group; while the far-famed Golden Horn is disappointingly smaller than it ought to be. On the other hand, the crowd of shipping, boats, and people is marvellous.

Perhaps this crowd is, altogether, the most striking feature of the place both on land and sea. Of course the traffic is really nothing compared with London or Paris, but yet both these capitals seem empty after that of Turkey. About half-past ten or eleven in the morning on Monday, which is about the busiest hour of the busiest day, the long line of the Grande Rue de Pera and the chief streets below it, all round from Tophané to the arsenal at Kassim Pacha, seem to a stranger as crowded as streets can be, until he has to fight his way through the shoulder-to-shoulder mass of speculators in front of the Bourse at Galata, and the porters, money-changers, fish and fruit-sellers between that and the bridge leading to Stamboul. Upon this bridge there is just room to thread your way, and not more; while in all but the back streets of Stamboul—although it is a huge town with numerous great open spaces—there is scarcely walking or even standing space. So much for people, but to them must be added carriages not a few, horses and mules innumerable, and pretty frequent bullock carts. On one side of the way a train of recruits is landing from the Scutari boat, a troop of excursionists from the Prince's Islands in the Sea of Marmora, or a party of Greek and Levantine merchants coming to business from their lovely homes at Candilli or Ortakœui. The recruits are tattered and travelworn; some of them have evidently marched



from the far interior of Asia Minor to reach the rendezvous; and all look as if the most meagre fare, both as to quantity and quality, had been the best they could obtain. They shuffle off in uneven file towards Galata; but it is surprising how contented and alert they will appear, when they return a few hours hence equipped and armed as soldiers, and on their way to barracks in Stamboul. From the opposite side of the bridge start the smaller steamers which ply to Eyoub at the head of the Golden Horn. The sea is everywhere of great depth, and men-of-war or great passenger vessels lie all about the harbour, while smaller merchant ships are ranged in endless rows along the shore; every vacant space of water is dotted over with the pretty fanciful caiques; while as background to the whole the houses are piled together as closely as the inhabitants. On the hill of Galata they rise thickly—each one on, seemingly, the roof of that below it, scarce leaving room for the gray mass of the old round Genoese tower, which marks the point; while Stamboul, which has from the distance almost a level outline, is found on closer view to be broken up into numerous valleys and heights, on which houses and mosques jostle each other in the most singular confusion. If the throng of people were all dressed alike it would be less striking; if it were talkative, like that of Naples, it would be far more bewildering, for the languages here are almost as various as are the costumes. The fez is sufficiently general to give a red flush to the sea of heads, but that is the only prevalent colour. The European coat and trousers are common enough on the Pera side, but in Stamboul they make their wearer remarkable among the brown-braided jackets and pantaloons of the hamals; the long robes and white or green turbans of the old Turks, of the Ulemas, and of the large and restless class of the Softas; the dark graceful pelisses of the dignified and high-bred-looking Persians; the scarlet-jacketed Croats, or much-embroidered Albanians, with an armoury of rusty silver-mounted weapons in

their girdles; the great fur bonnets and coarse leathern tunics, with a double row of cartridges sown on either breast of the Circassians; the flowing gaberdines of the Jews; and the wild garment of skins of the gipsies. Women are plenty enough, but the walkers are merely blots of colour without feature or outline in their shapeless wrappers of some brilliant silk, and with their heads bound up in the disfiguring Yashmak and Feringhee. A short experience teaches one the different types of face among the men; they are as various as their garments, and as each race usually lodges apart it is easy to study any particular type by visiting any one quarter of the town. The pure Turk of the lower orders himself is frequently handsome and well made, and has usually, too, a contented pleasing countenance; but there is another and most disagreeable type of Turkish face, not quite uncommon, and which bears a look not less cruel than cunning.

Of all main channels of communication between the two halves of a great capital, the worst I have seen is that crazy bridge of boats connected by uneven planking, which contrives, as by a miracle, to support the monstrous stream of traffic across the Golden Horn. There is certainly another and better bridge near the arsenal at Tershané, but that has been ingeniously contrived so as to start from a point at which few people arrive, and to lead where not one wants to go. Thus happily situated it is in good repair, but desolate; while the other is as populous as it is ruinous. Had Turkey the same care that other nations have to put the best foot foremost, she would avoid giving shocks to each stranger at the outset. She would repave the streets of Constantinople and would replace the tottering structure spoken of by something more solid than the iron wreck alongside it. That was soon after its arrival and before completion run into by a man of war, and has since remained for now many months in melancholy evidence of the strength of a Turkish ironclad and the emptiness of the Ottoman exchequer. The arsenal and dockyard are higher

up the Horn, so that a large part of any bridge must be movable: but constructive engineers are not wanting in the world; while the toll of many thousand daily passengers ought, if properly managed, soon to pay the cost. Even by an artist the fine dome and beautiful minarets, with their triple galleries, of the Sultana Validé Mosque just beyond, would be more appreciated if they could be approached at less danger to neck and ankles.

A charming picture is this Validé from every point of view. Around the front, facing the end of the bridge, collected every morning a crowd of costermongers (as we should call them in England), who plied a busy trade at the foot of and upon the high flight of marble steps which lead to the recessed and shrouded entrance, while intending worshippers purified themselves at the long succession of small fountains, which are never absent from the façade of a mosque. On another front is a courtyard, and within it I often found groups of peasants or of Tchinganees encamped under a noble arcade lined with Persian tilework, and resting its particoloured arches upon granite and porphyry pillars. To reach the back a quaint, oblique gateway must be passed, leading beneath the covered staircase and corridor which provide a private entrance for the Commander of the Faithful, and issuing out upon a considerable space surrounded by the various buildings of the priestly quarters, and full from dawn to sunset of an animated fair. A hundred kinds of sweetmeat or fruit are displayed on a hundred little tables, while a line of moustached and turbaned shoeblacks squat under the wall of a small inclosed cemetery and earn a handsome income by their hopeless battle with the mud of Stamboul.

A crack from the long lash of a mounted negro's whip warns you perhaps to jump aside, and stand a little removed from the throng, where the money-changers display piles of medjidies (a silver coin not unlike, in size or value, our old crown piece), beshilliques (between a shilling and a franc), and bundles of caimé and mounds of copper in

their little glass-covered tables, while spectacled scribes are ready with pen and ink-horn to register a bargain or indite a love-letter. This impatient cavalier, with braided uniform, high jack-boots and mighty spurs, with pistols in his belt, and a truculent sabre clattering by his side, turns out to be the cavass of an ambassadress on her way to the Great Bazaar, so you may avail yourself of the channel made in the crowd to avoid that grave and handsome Persian, who might for dignity be the Shah himself, but is only a small merchant anxious to sell the rug he carries gracefully draped over one shoulder, and pick your way up the crooked climbing street of Mahmoud Pacha. Alas! the Great Bazaar dispels another illusion! and is not the scene of mysterious and seductive splendours that fancy and the Arabian Nights have painted it! It is nothing but a most extensive labyrinth of vaulted not lofty passages, very badly lit from round windows in the roof and lined with miserable little shops. No doubt every conceivable article is to be found there, from the revolver of the newest American fashion, the cretonne chintz of the latest pattern, or the most gaudy piece of Manchester cotton stuff to the scimitar of Saladin, the prayer-carpet of Eyoub, or the richly embroidered towel on which Suleiman the Magnificent condescended to dry his hands: but the incessant pursuit of Jew commissionaires and the solicitations of Greek or Armenian merchants are so bewildering that escape at the other end is welcome through the loftier arcade of the old Bezestein.

The finest situation in Stamboul is occupied by the Seraskierat, or war office, and it is worth scaling the winding stair to the summit of the tower here in order to study the panorama of the far-stretching masses of building. On one side they run for three or four miles along the Sea of Marmora, while on others they surround the Golden Horn, and line both sides of the Bosphorus as far as the eye can reach. Close under you is the Pigeon Mosque of which the picturesque courtyard is almost filled by the enormous flock of

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those birds, which have resulted from Sultan Bajazet's care, and are maintained under a special provision of his will. This mosque occupies one side of a large irregular square, and this square, on the day when I first saw it, was so encumbered with numerous flocks of sheep, and would-be buyers, that a cavalcade had much difficulty in making its way up to the great gate of the Seraskierat, which Abdul Aziz built in that bastard Franco-Moorish style which he seems to have established as the national architecture of Turkey. Through the crowd at last it came, and the soldiers who accompanied the carriage would have proclaimed his dignity, even if I had not recognised the face of Midhat Pacha, then only Grand Vizier of a few days old. Midhat's following was of course larger than that of any other minister, but all the great Pachas have a certain retinue, and to accommodate these retainers the ground floor of the Konaks, or large town houses, consists of a covered court with a wide staircase at one end leading up to the dwelling-rooms above. These are arranged and furnished much as in France, except that there are more divans and fewer tables. Great dinners, too, are apt to be disappointingly like a Western banquet; at one oddly enough the chief novelty was a pretty little girl who peeped round the dining-room door, and mixed shyly with the guests afterwards; while one alone of a dozen Ottoman gentlemen, sat with foot tucked under him on his armchair, and smoked the bubbling narghileh of tradition. Mahmoud Damat Pacha is in the prime of life, portly and handsome, but has not cared to acquire either the postures or the language of any Frankish nation.

The Turkish Passover, called the Courban Bairam, or Feast of Sacrifice, had called together the flocks of sheep, but they were soon dispersed, most of them to make one last uncomfortable journey, each on the back of his purchaser. Nothing was more quaint to see than the unlucky animals with their fore-legs held firmly one over each shoulder of the

bearer, so that their poor patient heads nodded gravely above the red fez or green turban. Every true believer ought properly himself to buy and conduct home the sheep, which must be killed that night by his own hand for the atonement of the household. At sunset cannon announced that the festival had begun, and as the twilight faded into darkness it was very pretty to watch, gleam brightly one after another, the lights which had been hung out from the gallery of every minaret, from the public buildings, and from the men-of-war all about the harbour. To a Christian of course there was some profanation in the grand ceremony early the following morning in St. Sophia; but when the original consecration of the edifice can be forgotten the spectacle of these great Mohammedan festivals is little less imposing than the services of Holy Week at Rome. The Sultan and all his ministers in full uniform; the Scheik-ul-Islam and a vast train of priests in splendid robes are there with a countless throng of meaner people, to fill in long kneeling rows the spacious floor with masses of brilliant colour, while the sunbeams find entrance through the numerous though small windows of the great dome, and die away in warm masses of golden shadow, which reflect the tone of the paint or fresco with which the entire interior is covered. The exterior of St. Sophia is as ugly as its interior is imposing; and the purely Turkish mosque of Sultan Suleiman is scarcely inferior to it within, while it is incomparably more graceful and effective without. That too is in good repair, being the only not new building in Constantinople that is so. At first one thinks that there must have been a time when the Ottomans were great architects, and when the whole town was in harmony with the many fine mosques, the numerous and beautiful fountains, or rather kiosks for water, and the massive stone-built khans one sees on every side. Longer acquaintance, however, with the disjointed effort at architectural effect, which characterises even the most modern streets of the city makes one

doubt if any portion has at any time formed a harmonious whole. In point of style, the old buildings greatly excel the new.

In this city of contrasts civilisation and barbarism go hand in hand, and a line of tramway-cars, which have a special compartment to shield veiled women from the profaning eye of man, carries a quantity of passengers during the day at Stamboul through streets that are lit at night by only the paper lanterns of the few-and-far-between passers-by. It is strange, as at one of the brilliant balls at the Austrian palace, to dance to the exquisitely civilised music of Vienna, while an Egyptian Princess holds mysterious court—to which of course only ladies are admitted—behind the gauze curtains of a gallery above. She can see the gay scene below, but she is as closely shrouded from the public eye as was the prophet of Khorassan. Nor is the assembly rendered more commonplace by the splendid blue and silver uniforms of the Hungarian Count Zichy's private hussars. At Pera a subterranean railway saves a weary climb up hill, but the gas lamps are very few, and the best street is so narrow, that two carriages can hardly pass—and so badly paved, that a sedan-chair is the only comfortable conveyance. In this street, however, are all the Embassy palaces, except that of England; and upon its execrable pavement were to be met, so full was Constantinople of notabilities, some three or four in an ordinary stroll. You could scarcely miss, and would not fail to notice, in particular, one sturdy martial man with a resolute, restless face, and ever-watchful eye. General Ignatieff and his sufficiently numerous colleagues had each his little court of secretaries and compatriots. There are also one or two wealthy residents, but Turkish aristocracy in any European sense there is none whatever, and can be none under the Mohammedan view of domestic life. Then it requires to be an Oriental to understand the charms of kief, or the art of doing absolutely nothing; and

an ordinary man misses terribly the galleries, the libraries, the theatres, and other advantages which are to be obtained to some extent even in the most moderate Western capital.

Æsthetically it is perhaps agreeable to find that a great city still exists where sound sense and economical science are not likely to have for some years to come the same highly laudable, but somewhat tame, pre-eminence they have gained elsewhere. It is certainly pleasant to find that one of the prettiest relics of the fanciful stateliness of the land of Aladdin is also, from a practical point, a decided success. No more fairy-like scene can be imagined than the state procession by water on a fine morning, of the Sultan to the Selamlık, or Friday-Prayers, at some mosque of his choosing. No more fanciful bark can be conjured up by the imagination than the painted and gilded galley which bears the Khalif under a canopy of crimson velvet, looped back with golden cords. But this relic of Haroun-al-Raschid can yet beat the latest effort of modern boat construction, and can and does, with nothing but its six-and-twenty silk-clad rowers, leave a steam-launch going at full speed far behind even in the first hundred yards. Followed by six or seven scarcely less gorgeous barks with the sun gleaming on the eagle at the prow, on the crescents which crown each pinnacle of the canopy, and on the green and gold robes of the Albanian at the helm, the state caique glides over the water as majestically as it does rapidly; while the numerous war-ships of every nation round dress their masts with flags and man their yards. Abdul Hamid has a slight figure, but a shrewd as well as commanding expression, in spite of the look of ill-health and nervousness on his pale, somewhat Armenian face, with its long features and close black beard, and he seems to wonder, as he bows courteously, whether the cannon fired by his own subjects, or the honour paid him by his powerful neighbours, betoken the most lasting respect.

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## HOW DR. FAUST BECAME A DANCER.

FAUST was not only the most famous, he was also the last, of the many misguided men who deliberately, and by a formal compact, sacrificed the future to the present; and, as if with a presentiment that never would another man have dealings with the devil, the old storytellers repeated of Faust all the tales that had ever been told of any one else in the same position. Thus, Faust took miraculous flights like Robert the Devil, like Pope Sylvester, and like Simon Magus, who is reported to have raised himself in the air before Nero, and to have been brought down suddenly to the ground through a counter miracle performed by the Apostles Peter and Paul. Indeed in connection with Faust's atmospheric expeditions, the writer of the oldest version of the Faust story points out that our Saviour was similarly carried by Satan to the roof of the Temple, and to the summit of the mount. Like Cornelius Agrippa and the aforesaid Pope Sylvester, Faust kept a dog, whose eyes on occasion glared till they looked like coals of fire. Like Zitto, the Bohemian magician, he in one of his gay moments transformed a horse and cart into a bundle of hay. Like Sylvester, and like Tvardowski the Pole, he suffered from that "damned equivocation of the fiend," which also troubled a certain Scottish gentleman who had transactions with the infernal powers; for as the fiend, after making his victim swear never to go to Jerusalem or to Rome, contrived to catch Pope Sylvester in the Jerusalem church at Rome and the Polish magician in a tavern called Rome, near Cracow, so by a similar trick Mephistopheles caught Faust. Pope Sylvester, surprised by the devil's agent preaching inside "Jerusalem" when he had sworn never to go to Jerusalem ("a place for-

bidden to us devils," he had been told), was held to be checkmated; and he was carried off to the infernal regions; his dog, which he had left at the Capitol, howling dismally the while. Tvardowski, being still entitled to demand the execution of one remaining wish, called upon the devil to marry his wife, Madame Tvardowska; a requisition which so alarmed the evil spirit that, breaking his compact, he took to flight, leaving Tvardowski a free man. In some versions of the Faust legend, Faust is similarly entrapped at an inn, of which Rome is the sign; while in yet another version he entraps Mephistopheles by proposing to him the alternative of going to Rome or breaking his compact, and would have discomfited him altogether, had not Mephistopheles suddenly, by way of last card, produced Helen of Troy, through whose charms Faust is brought once more within the devil's power. Neither, however, in Spiess's nor Widman's ancient narrative does this incident occur, but only in a popular ballad on the Faust subject, much later in origin than the Spiess and Widman books.

Besides the rhymed ballads and the popular narratives, great and small—that of Widman is a prose epic with a commentary appended to each book—the Faust subject was treated in puppet-show dramas and popular plays; and the dramatic history of Faust began, as every one knows, in England. Heine, in his *Doktor Faust, ein Tanz-Poem*—being the libretto of the ballet which he wrote in 1850 for Mr. Lumley, but which was never produced—derives the subject of Marlowe's *Faust* partly from the impressive old story published by Spiess, partly from an Anglo-Saxon version of the legend of Theophilus, which Heine supposes Rutebauf, the



Trouvère, to have borrowed for his *Miracle of Theophilus*.

But though Theophilus of Syracuse is usually regarded as Faust's direct ancestor, there are remarkable points of difference between the legend in which Theophilus figures and that in which Faust plays the principal part. Theophilus (as to whose doings Dr. Dasent, in English, and M. Achille Jubinal, in French, may be profitably consulted) was an ecclesiastic who, having modestly and in good faith declared himself "unwilling to become a bishop," was, by the bishop who replaced him, deposed from his office as Vidame (Vice-dominus); and, thereupon finding himself ruined and disgraced, sold himself, through a Hebrew magician, to the devil, but ultimately got saved through the intercession of the Holy Virgin, who herself went to hell in order to get back the compact. In the original story, written in Greek, by Eutychianus, a pupil of Theophilus's, the narrator declares, that he himself saw the devil engaged in conversation with Theophilus, and that he witnessed (not, however, in a legal sense) the signing of the deed, which was of course done in the blood of the victim.

The main features of this legend of the sixth century were reproduced some centuries later by an anonymous bard in Latin hexameters, beginning "Miles clarus erat;" the most important variation being the substitution in the Latin poem of a soldier for the priest of the original Greek prose narrative. But the story was destined to be made popular by Rutebeuf, whose *Miracle de Théophile* found its way from the north of France both to England and to Germany. The old English or "Anglo-Saxon" version of the legend of Theophilus, as Heine, writing in the days before Freeman, ventured to call it, may, of course, have been known to Marlowe. But a German writer has distinctly shown, in a work on the *Earliest dramatic treatment of the Faust subject*, that Marlowe based his work on the story of *Dr. Faustus*, as given in the

narrative published by Spiess. It is difficult to see what he could have borrowed from the legend of Theophilus, who sells himself, not like Faust, to extend his knowledge beyond human limits, but from pique, from poverty, and for the sake of material enjoyment. Theophilus, moreover, is saved through the intercession of the Holy Virgin; whereas Faust, who is a Protestant, has no such resource open to him, and is left in the spirit of tragedy and of human life to meet the fate he has himself invited.

The signing of the compact in blood drawn from the victim's own veins is an incident which occurs both in the legend of Theophilus and in the old Faust story. But it is only in the Faust story that the blood, trickling down the man's hand, forms in the palm the letters HF, which are interpreted as meaning *Homo fuge*; and it is to be observed that this detail is reproduced by Marlowe, who has indeed followed the old narrative very closely, and is indebted to it not only for incidents, but also for some of the finest thoughts in his admirable play.

Heine, when he discussed the subject of Faust in *Die romantische Schule*, was convinced that the historical Faust was the old printer of that name; the "same Faust," in his own words, "who invented printing, and who lived at the time when people were beginning to preach against the authority of the Church and independently to attack it." Apart from the dislike which the Church, if it could have foreseen to what intellectual results the invention would lead, might well have entertained for printing, the monastic orders have been accused of objecting to it as putting an end to the copying trade, of which they had, practically, a monopoly.

Thus the story that Faust the printer was sold to the devil might have had its origin simply in the malice of the clergy, whose interests were threatened by his invention. A serious joker, however, has argued, that Faust the printer was called "professor of the black art" because the art in which he worked

was literally a black one. If Faust the printer had ever been suspected by his contemporaries, or by generations immediately succeeding his own, of having sold himself to the devil, the most rational explanation of the notion would be the astonishment of the public at the power which he possessed, and exercised, of multiplying copies of a book rapidly and without limit as to number. But neither the contemporaries of John Faust the printer, who died towards 1470, nor those of George Faust—"Faust, junior," as he called himself—who was in full activity as professor of magic at Cracow in the first years of the sixteenth century—seem to have known anything of the rumour set going at a later period as to the printer's relations with the infernal powers.

When, nearly twenty years after the publication of *Die romantische Schule*, Heine undertook to compose a ballet on the subject of Faust, he put aside the old printer, and recognised the fact that the Faust of neoromantic tradition was the professor of Cracow, spoken of by Luther, Melanchthon, Weiher, and the Abbot Trithem of Wurzburg, and with whom Melanchthon, according to Manlius the collector of his *Table Talk*, was well acquainted. Heine, like Meyerbeer in similar circumstances, knew better than to touch the *Faust* of Goethe. M. Blaze de Bury has told us in his recollections of Meyerbeer, that that great composer could not be induced to undertake an opera on the subject of Faust, which, he held, had at last received its appropriate and permanent form. He was willing to set the songs to music and to furnish interludes, but would not hear of the work itself being reduced to the shape and style of a libretto. If Meyerbeer shrank from the idea of making Gretchen a prima donna, still less could Heine think of turning her into a *première danseuse*. There is no question, then, of Margaret in Heine's *Fanz-Poem*.

But if Margaret belongs to Goethe, Dr. Faust belongs to every one. He had been treated before Goethe took him in hand by at least fifty authors,

of whom two, Marlowe and the anonymous writer of the old story-book published by Spiess, were true poets. There are a dozen printed versions extant of the Faust story, in prose and verse, and as many of the puppet-show plays and other popular dramas on the same subject, which, with performers who improvised the details, assumed new features according as they were represented at Ulm, Strassburg, Augsburg, Cologne, or Berlin; while apart from Goethe's work, about thirty pieces based on the Faust legend had been produced at regular theatres in Germany up to the time (1829) when the *Faust* of Goethe was first put on the stage.

*Faust* had even been made into a ballet more than a century before Heine agreed so to treat it for Her Majesty's Theatre. A playbill of the Vienna Opera-house, which Scheible (who reproduces it in *Das Kloster*) assigns to the year 1730, announces the performance of a ballet called *Dr. Faust*, which is to combine the features of "German comedy, English pantomime, and Italian opera." A programme of the action of the piece sets forth that in the opening scene Faust, wearied with vain study, is tempted by Mephistopheles, who offers to place before him "the most beautiful women from all the four quarters of the globe." After a little hesitation, Faust consents to sign the usual compact, and the scene terminates, like the first act of Gounod's opera, with a duet for Faust and Mephistopheles.

In Heine's ballet, to which, as Mr. Lumley has told us in his *Memoirs*, the name of *Mephistophela* was to have been given (it was, indeed, published under that title in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, though Heine, in the German version, published at Hamburg in 1851, calls it *Der Doktor Faust*), a whole series of beautiful women are exhibited by the female Mephistopheles for the entertainment of her victim. But instead of being women of no individuality from various parts of the world, as in the old Viennese ballet,

the apparitions with which the chore-graphic Faust is gratified are dancing celebrities of the highest character. As history and the Bible do not give us a sufficient number of eminent female dancers to supply the requirements of a ballet designed on the model of Heine's *Mephistophela*, the author introduced a certain number of male dancers; which pre-supposes on the part of *Dr. Faust* a passion, not merely for dancing girls with beautiful figures, graceful movements, and expressive gestures, but a passion for dancing as an art. Thus Mephistopheles is made to call up and exhibit to Faust, "David dancing before the ark;" a scene which, if presented at Her Majesty's Theatre, would scarcely have been applauded, would, perhaps, have been hissed, and might even have been hooted.

Heine, in publishing his *Doktor Faust*, gave with it an introduction and a commentary; and it can scarcely be disrespectful to the wittiest of poets

and most poetical of wits to say in regard to the "Tanz-Poem" that the introduction and commentary are the best part of it. No reader of this article will need to be told why Heine's *Mephistophela* was never produced in England. The amiable Mr. Lumley told Heine that the ballet-master objected to the work for technical reasons; and Heine thereupon wrote, in the introduction to *Der Doktor Faust*, that as there had been no previous instance of a poet's composing a piece for dancers, *Mephistophela* had been refused "*par esprit de corps de ballet*." He forgot that his friend, Théophile Gautier, had, on the basis of Heine's own beautiful legend, composed the ballet of *Giselle*, in which Perrot, the ballet-master, who was alleged to have refused *Mephistophela*, had so often appeared with his beautiful wife, Carlotta Grisi.

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

### A MOTHER'S HEART.

- A LITTLE dreaming, such as mothers know;  
 A little lingering over dainty things;  
 A happy heart, wherein Hope all aglow  
 Stirs like a bird at dawn that wakes and sings—  
 And that is all.
- A little clasping to her yearning breast;  
 A little musing over future years;  
 A heart that prays, "Dear Lord, Thou knowest best,  
 But spare my flower life's bitterest rain of tears"—  
 And that is all.
- A little spirit speeding through the night;  
 A little home grown lonely, dark, and chill;  
 A sad heart, groping blindly for the light;  
 A little snow-clad grave beneath the hill—  
 And that is all.
- A little gathering of life's broken thread;  
 A little patience keeping back the tears;  
 A heart that sings, "Thy darling is not dead,  
 God keeps her safe through His eternal years"—  
 And that is all.

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## OWENS COLLEGE AND MR. LOWE.

MR. LOWE holds, most honourably and most fittingly, by the choice of the University of London, a brief on behalf of the University which he represents in Parliament. He also holds, less honourably and less fittingly, by his own choice, a brief against every other University in the kingdom. The self-chosen occupation is a strange one. Mr. Lowe is an Oxford man, an Oxford man who won the highest honours that Oxford could give him; and he is something more. He has since won fame in other lines; but his earliest fame, his fame which lasted for many years, was a distinctively academical fame. The late Cabinet contained an unusual number of Oxford first-class men. But Mr. Lowe was the only one among them whose name was surrounded by local Oxford memories, as the name of one who had lived and worked in the place. No one ever heard of a "tip" of Mr. Gladstone or of Lord Cardwell; but "Bob Lowe's tips" were very living things in my Oxford days. Since then, by changes which somehow have never come to Mr. Lowe's knowledge, the studies of Oxford have put on new shapes, and "Bob Lowe's tips" are now most likely useless and forgotten. But their author is not forgotten; nor is it forgotten, there or elsewhere, that, of all our statesmen, Mr. Lowe is the one whose start in life was most distinctly given him by his University. There is then a certain incongruity, to use no harsher word, when we find Mr. Lowe, of all English statesmen, the foremost, in season and out of season, to seize every opportunity of saying a word against the institution which did so much for him. Were those words well considered and grounded on fact, the witness of such a man would have a special value. It might be looked on as testimony wrung by sheer force of truth out of a

witness at once competent and unwilling. The value of such testimony might be measured by the amount of pain which it gave to the witness. But its value is somewhat lessened when it is brought out as a pet subject wherever it is likely to get a hearing; it is lessened further still when all the facts of the case happen to tell the other way. Mr. Lowe, who first became known to the world through his proficiency in Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, is never tired of telling any audience that will listen to him that, of all studies in the world, Greek, Latin, and Mathematics are the most useless. When the doctrine is put forth in this shape, the hearer cannot quite keep down the thought that Mr. Lowe's career is the best confutation of his own doctrine. He feels tempted to think that, when Mr. Lowe mourns that, he learned what he did at Oxford, and did not learn civil engineering instead, it is really nothing more than the old story of the pack-horse wishing to plough and the ox wishing to carry the pack-saddles. The thing sounds like one of those unaccountable whims from which the ablest men cannot always keep themselves. But it becomes something more than a whim when Mr. Lowe goes on to say, not only that he himself gained nothing by his own studies at Oxford, but that nobody else has ever had a chance of gaining anything there by any other studies. Mr. Lowe has more than once stated or implied that no change whatever has taken place in the studies of Oxford, or of Cambridge either, since the days of his own youthful successes. The strange carelessness by which Mr. Lowe has failed to make himself master of facts which are known to all the rest of the world—the facts that every branch of study at Oxford has been modified, and many new branches of study added—does

take away somewhat from the weight of Mr. Lowe's charges ; it goes still further to stamp them with the character of a mere whim. When Mr. Lowe says or implies that no studies but those which he disparages are known in a place where a crowd of other studies are zealously followed, this singular blindness to facts takes away somewhat from our estimate of Mr. Lowe's judgement. It makes us doubt whether the fact that Mr. Lowe disparages a certain study proves after all so much against that study as we might at first sight have been inclined to think.

On the whole, Mr. Lowe's attacks on the elder Universities have perhaps been more amusing than dangerous. They have pleased himself ; they have seemingly pleased his hearers at the Institution of Civil Engineers ; they have not seriously disturbed the slumbers or affected the appetite of any one in Oxford or Cambridge. But Mr. Lowe's last utterance on academical matters is really dangerous. It is easier to cut short what is still growing than to root up what has already grown up. Mr. Lowe will not be able to do much to pull down the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge ; he may be able to do a good deal to hinder the setting up of a new University at Manchester. The attack is in this case serious, and it may be deadly. Mr. Lowe now speaks no longer as the mouth-piece of a personal whim of his own, but as the representative of a powerful interest of which he is the official champion. His immediate position is that Owens College at Manchester ought not to be raised to the rank of an University and entrusted with the power of conferring degrees. That power Owens College now seeks. The proposal has of course met with both friends and enemies ; arguments have been brought for the scheme, and arguments have been brought against it. But hitherto the discussion has been carried on fairly and generously on both sides, and with due and special regard to the immediate question at issue. Mr. Lowe alone attacks the proposal of Owens College in a spirit which it is

impossible to call anything but ungenerous, and he attacks it on grounds which go a good deal further than the mere refusal of University rank to Owens College. He attacks it on grounds which threaten every University in the United Kingdom, except the one which Mr. Lowe himself represents in Parliament. This much may be said undoubtingly ; but I believe it would be safe to go a great deal further. I believe that a man would not be far wrong if he were to say that Mr. Lowe's arguments would tell against every University in the civilized world outside the bounds of London and Paris.

The case of Owens College may be put into a few words. It is an institution which, from small beginnings, has risen, not with any miraculous speed, but by sure and steady growth, to a very high position among teaching bodies, to a position which, it would be safe to say, is higher than that of any other institution of its own class. Started by a single public-spirited and discerning founder, it has since grown by its own strength. It is not a mere school for the teaching of any one subject. While adapting itself to the special needs of its own district, it has never forgotten the directions of its original founder, who willed that its teaching should take in all such subjects as were or might be studied in the elder Universities. Mr. Owens gave this almost prophetic injunction just before the time when the studies of the elder Universities were so largely extended. And that injunction his College has thoroughly carried out. Its teaching takes in both the old subjects and the new ; it takes in all the faculties of the older Universities, Divinity alone excepted. It has Professors of acknowledged eminence in all these branches, and students whose numbers surpass that of several established Universities, British and continental. Of its legal, medical, and physical teaching I can of course say nothing from my own knowledge ; but the names of some of the Professors in those branches speak for themselves.



Of its historical and philological teaching I can say something; I only wish that historical and philological teaching everywhere was on the same level. It is the teaching of men who not only understand their own subjects, but who understand the relations of their several subjects to one another. It is the teaching of men who have not learned the doctrine which Mr. Lowe has so vigorously set forth to so many audiences. It is the teaching of men to whom learning is dear for its own sake, men who would not exchange the cultivation of their own minds and the minds of others for the greater wealth and higher promotion which, as Mr. Lowe so diligently teaches, may be more easily won in other walks of life. I at least know of no place where work is done more thoroughly and more zealously, more truly as a labour of love.

The history of Owens College is specially interesting, because it really has so much in common with that of the elder Universities. The main difference is that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge do seem literally to have come of themselves, while Owens College, like the Universities of Scotland, had a personal founder. Otherwise the history of the growth of the elder and the younger institutions has really much of likeness. In arguing with any other adversary than Mr. Lowe, I should be ashamed to tell yet again the twice-told—the ten-times told—tale of the origin of Oxford and Cambridge. But in disputing with Mr. Lowe, it cannot be forgotten that we are disputing with one whose ideas of the ninth century need clearing up no less than his ideas of the nineteenth. As Mr. Lowe cannot be made to understand that Oxford studies have undergone any change since his own youth, so he was, at least a few years back, one of the sect which held that a college which began to struggle into being in the thirteenth century had come forth whole and perfect from the head of Alfred. There is indeed another sect, or perhaps the same, which believes that the Universities of Oxford and

Cambridge were founded in howling wildernesses, and that towns somehow grew up around them, as towns really did grow up at the gates of the Bishop of Wells and of the Abbot of Saint Edmunds. But in truth the Oxford in which masters and scholars began to gather together in the twelfth century, in which they began to be housed in colleges in the thirteenth, had more in common with the Manchester of our own day than the votaries of legend think for. It was in one of the foremost towns of England, in the great military post on the frontier of two ancient kingdoms, in the chosen place of meeting for the most solemn assemblies of the whole realm, that Robert Puleyn began the first recorded lectures in divinity, and that Vacarius began to expound the mighty volume of the Imperial law. The greatness of Oxford in these days was not exactly of the same kind as the greatness of Manchester now; but relatively to the state of the kingdom then and now, the difference between the two would be by no means so wide as might at first sight be thought. Oxford, in short, like Paris, Bologna, or Glasgow in older times, like Leyden, Dublin, and Berlin in later times, became a seat of learning, because it was already, according to the standard of the times, one of the chief towns of the kingdom. Nor is it hard to see why the new seat of learning was not planted in one of those towns which were greater still, in London or Winchester, in York or Exeter, or Lincoln. The central position of Oxford was one attraction; and I doubt not that another was found in the absence of any great ecclesiastical lord. But, be this as it may, the fact is plain that the Universities of the older times arose, as a rule, among the busiest haunts of men, and that those who have gathered masters and scholars together among the busy streets of Manchester, are simply walking in the steps of those who first gathered masters and scholars together among the then busy streets of Oxford.

In Manchester then, within the present

generation, an institution has grown up, very much as older kindred institutions have grown up, which, under the humbler and less appropriate name of a College, is really doing the work of an University. The building has grown up, and it now only waits for its crowning. An University in every thing else, Owens College asks to be admitted to the power which is specially distinctive of an University, the power of conferring degrees. It is not only from the ambition of a higher rank and a more sounding title that Owens College asks for this power. Such ambition, if it were merely ambition, would be neither unnatural nor unreasonable; but Owens College has strong practical grounds to go on as well. Its students, when they have finished their course under their own professors, can obtain degrees only at the University of London. Now the University of London, as it stands at present, is an institution of a very peculiar kind, unlike any other known University, except the modern University of France. It is an University which does not teach, but which merely confers degrees on students who have got their teaching elsewhere. Now no one wishes to disparage the University of London; no one wishes to alter its character. The variety is not only pleasing, but it has its practical advantages. It is well to have an institution of this peculiar character as one among others. But surely, of all conceivable types of University, this is the last type which is entitled to be set up as an universal model, as a model to which all other teaching institutions should be made to conform. Now as a matter of fact, the necessary connexion with the London University, the inability of getting degrees anywhere else, have been found to be practical grievances by Owens College, its professors and its students. The connexion with London hampers the professors in teaching; it hampers the students in learning. The teaching of the College has to be adapted to an external standard, a shifting standard, a standard over which Owens College and its professors have no control.

Several of the most eminent professors have made this complaint. Among them are those whose complaints I can best understand, those in the departments of history and philology. Those who conduct the London examination are doubtless eminent men; but those who conduct the Manchester teaching are men of no less eminence, and they naturally kick at finding their well-arranged schemes of teaching thwarted by the strange arrangements of an external examination. I quote one example only, in the words of one of the most distinguished of the distinguished staff of Owens College.

"In ancient history, matriculation candidates are required to answer questions arising out of the subjects of the Latin and Greek books selected, which subjects are at times such as suggest no questions in what is commonly called history at all. In ancient history the candidates for the first B.A. are examined in the history of Rome to the death of Augustus; the history of Greece to the death of Alexander is reserved for the second B.A., and this strange rule of succession appears to be immutable."

It must certainly be hard for a professor who understands his work and loves it, to adapt his teaching to such an examination as this. It must if anything be harder still for him to adapt his teaching of later history to an honours examination in which the selected period of English history varies from year to year. It is hard to see how the professor can teach, or how the student can learn, anything worth learning or teaching, while they have such a yoke as this tied round their necks. There must be a good deal of life and strength in a place which can get on under such bondage as well as Owens College undoubtedly has got on. Feeling themselves to be what they are, teachers of the highest order, teachers in a society which is an University in every thing except the one distinctive badge of an University, the Professors of Owens College do not merely ask to gain a higher place for themselves or their students, not even to merely gain for their College a badge of honour which it richly deserves. They ask to be allowed to set themselves

free from a great practical evil, to shake off a bondage which makes their teaching far less perfect than it otherwise would be. To gain these ends, they ask that they may be set free from the necessity of sending their students to seek for degrees at the hands of an external body. They ask that Owens College, under the new rank of the University of Manchester, may receive the power of conferring degrees for itself.

Now no one doubts that the demand thus made is in some sort a daring one, that the questions raised by it are weighty, and that they raise many points which cannot fail to be met by some variety of opinion even among those who are best fitted to judge. The Professors have collected a great number of opinions as to their proposal from men of eminence in various branches, many of them men of experience in teaching and examination. It was not to be expected that they would all agree; but the way in which they differ is instructive. Among those who have nothing to do with the University of London, be they English University men, Scotch University men, or men of no University at all, a large majority is more or less favourable to the claims of Owens College. Some think that the power might be granted at once; some think that it might be better to wait a little. But a large majority agree in thinking that Owens College either already is, or is on the high road to become, a body which can be rightly trusted with the power of conferring degrees. On the other hand, all those who have any thing to do with the University of London decide, not by a majority, but with a most edifying unanimity, that Owens College ought not to be trusted with that power. I think that there can be little doubt that the former set of opinions are of the greater intrinsic value. Certainly an Oxford or Cambridge man, who has nothing to do with Owens College or with Manchester in any way, has neither any thing to gain nor any theory to satisfy by giving an University of Manchester

the right to confer degrees. He most likely has to struggle against and to overcome a certain amount of prejudice, when he declares that an University of Manchester ought to have that power. His witness has at least that value which belongs to testimony which is purely disinterested. The same cannot be said of the opinions the other way which come from men who are in different ways interested in the University of London. No one will think for a moment that the testimony of these witnesses is other than perfectly sincere, or that they have any motive but the interests of sound learning, as they understand them. Still their opinion is the testimony of witnesses in their own cause. It cannot have the same weight as the opinion of men who have no interest in the matter, and whose judgement must have been formed in the teeth of a certain amount of traditional feeling the other way.

It is at this stage that the most doughty champion of all comes across the field. Mr. Lowe makes his appearance in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*, quite ready to maintain the cause of the University which has made him its representative against all comers, ancient or modern. And in so doing he is, as usual, not troubled with any special care as to minute accuracy of statement about any matter, ancient or modern. Mr. Lowe, at this time of day, thinks that the word University has something to do with "universality" of teaching. I remember how, a great many years ago, Mr. H. H. Vaughan, then Professor of Modern History at Oxford, was afraid of insulting his hearers by explaining the very point which Mr. Lowe still needs to have explained to him. Mr. Vaughan's scruples are proved by Mr. Lowe's example to have been quite needless. I may then be forgiven for saying that the word "universitas" has nothing to do with "universality" of teaching, that it simply means the whole body of any thing, and so, in a legal sense, a corporation. It is purely by one of the accidents of language that in modern

usage the word "University" always, and the word "college" most commonly, means a body which has something to do with teaching, or at least with examining. But Mr. Lowe does not seem lucky either with the theory of corporations or with corporations in their actual being. He twice in his article recommends Owens College to get itself incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies Act. There is no need to stop to ask whether this is meant as a joke or a sneer. Mr. Lowe is as far wrong in his facts as in his derivations. In the language of the Civil Law, Owens College is, in the fullest sense, an "Universitas" already; for it has received a corporate being, not under the Joint Stock Companies Act, but by Act of Parliament. But this is the sneering spirit in which Mr. Lowe deals with the whole question. Now it is at Owens College that he sneers, now at Oxford and Cambridge, now at the Universities of Scotland. Mr. Lowe stoops to say that the argument in favour of giving Owens College the power for which it asks, means no more, "when translated into English," than saying "that the name of University will be an excellent puff for the institution." A disputant of Mr. Lowe's school might answer that Mr. Lowe's article is really no more than an excellent puff for the London University. Mr. Lowe believes that he is "not uncharitable" in making this and that insinuation against the motives of the Owens College Professors. They might perhaps believe themselves not uncharitable in thinking that all this astonishing zeal is simply part of the representative's duty to his constituents. And when Mr. Lowe makes sneers about calico-printing and cotton-mills, because the place of the new University is Manchester, he might remember that sneers of exactly the same kind were thought equally clever when it was first proposed to set up an University in London. But the University of London has lived through the sneers of those days, and the University of Manchester will live through the sneers of

Mr. Lowe. Mr. Lowe once publicly lamented that, in his Oxford days, instead of learning about the battle of Marathon, he had not learned the art of getting up "a good colliery accident." Quiet men, at Manchester or elsewhere, who do not share Mr. Lowe's love for colliery accidents, may be inclined to think that, if an University did teach the art of printing calico, it would not be the worst purpose to which it has been proposed that University teaching should be applied.

But it must in fairness be added that, whatever may be Mr. Lowe's motive, it is not any special spite against Owens College. Mr. Lowe's spite takes a much wider range. It takes in, not only Oxford and Cambridge, but Edinburgh, Göttingen, Harvard, all the Universities of the world, except those which have their homes in the French and English capitals. Owens College comes in for its share of enmity, for no special fault of its own, but simply because it wishes to belong to the same class as all the Universities of the United Kingdom save the one which is represented by Mr. Lowe. All of them agree in this, that, like all Universities since Universities began, they both teach and examine. This is the common sin of all. While all times and places, save London and Paris in the nineteenth century, have had one notion of an University, Mr. Lowe has another. An University, he holds, should be a mere examining board. If we rightly understand him, no one who examines should teach; no one who teaches should examine. This notion of his has not been taken up very lately. It was set forth by him in the winter of 1871-1872, and it was presently demolished, in a pamphlet both wise and witty, by Dr. Lyon Playfair.<sup>1</sup> That pamphlet is well worth reading still. In it Dr. Playfair speaks mainly, like Mr. Lowe, on behalf of the Universities which he represents; but the cause

<sup>1</sup> *On Teaching Universities and Examining Boards*. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1872.

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which he defends is that of English and Scotch Universities alike. He pleads for independent local Universities, as centres of cultivation in different districts of a large country. He pleads for a variety of character in different Universities, and he pleads distinctly in favour of examinations conducted, partly at least, by those who are engaged in teaching. And on this last head, as on all the others, reason and experience go with him. Mr. Lowe says over and over again that those who teach should not be trusted to examine. He makes use of a number of hard phrases, aimed at Oxford and Cambridge *in esse* and at Manchester *in posse*, which really amount to a direct charge of dishonesty against teachers and examiners everywhere. In his view, teachers and examiners conspire, for their own interests, to keep down the standard as low as possible. He draws a picture, which has some truth in it, but a good deal of exaggeration, of the wretchedness of a pass degree in all British Universities except London. Owens College, he tells us, wishes to escape from the rigid impartiality of the London University, in order to give its students degrees on easier terms. This last insinuation will go for very little with those who know anything about Owens College and its professors; but it is exactly of a piece with the whole of Mr. Lowe's reckless talk about academic matters. In what Mr. Lowe says about degrees in the older Universities there is just truth enough to be mischievous. Mr. Lowe, somewhat inconsistently with his general views about the studies of Oxford and Cambridge, does attach some value to a high place in the class list or the tripos. It is on the low standard of the pass degree that he pours forth the whole bitterness of his wrath. Now undoubtedly the pass degree is not at Oxford, or, as far as I know, in any British University, what it ought to be. One argument, with me at least, in favour of making Owens College an University is that we shall there have an University which can start fair, and

can make its degrees better worth having from the beginning. But let us be fair even to the passman and to those who examine him. Here Mr. Lowe once more shuts his eyes to everything that has happened since he was himself an Oxford coach. I do not know whether he has ever acted as examiner anywhere; he certainly has never examined at Oxford since Oxford put on its present shape. If he had done so, he would have learned that even the passman is capable of some improvement, and that both teachers and examiners, instead of conspiring to keep his standard low, do what they can under great difficulties to raise it. Of one branch of Oxford examinations I have had as much experience as most men; and, as far as that school is concerned, I can distinctly contradict every statement made by Mr. Lowe. I have held the post of examiner three times, the third time after a considerable interval, and the one thing which most struck me the last time I examined was the marked improvement in the character of the passmen. There was no longer the same disgraceful ignorance, no longer the same necessity for plucking candidates by wholesale. The passman of 1873 might easily have been improved; but he was a different being from the passman of 1857, or even from the passman of 1864. It would have been well if he had known something more; but he did know something. The degree, as I hold, ought to have a higher value; but as things stood in 1873, it had some value: it was not to be had except by those who had gained a certain amount of knowledge and whose minds must have received a certain amount of training. Of the Oxford school of history I can thus speak from my own knowledge; and I hear from others the same report of other schools both in Oxford and Cambridge. Since I last examined, further changes have been made at Oxford, of whose working for the better or for the worse I know nothing. But to the honest desire of improvement on the part both of teachers and examiners, and of the practical effect of their labours from 1857



to 1873, I have as good means of speaking as any man. And I say emphatically that the state of things described by Mr. Lowe is a state of things which, if it ever existed at all, had passed away years before the present generation of candidates for degrees were born.

I would also quote my own experience on another point. I believe that in order to have a really well-constituted body of examiners, there should always be some who are engaged in the teaching of the place and some who are not. Neither class can do the work thoroughly well without the other. I speak as one who has examined often, but who has had nothing to do with teaching. And the result of my experience is that I and other non-resident examiners who have acted with me could never have done our work without the help of our resident colleagues, while I believe that they could not have done the work so well without our help. An examiner who is not himself a teacher will have a better idea than a teacher of what, in an ideal state of things, ought to be known. But he needs the teacher to remind him what is known and what can be known under the circumstances. The non-resident examiner not only knows nothing of the particular candidates; he knows nothing of the whole class of candidates. Engaged in the studies of after-life, he does not of himself know how much can be fairly expected from the candidates who come before him. Left to himself, he is apt to examine, so to speak, up in the air; and such London Examination papers as I have seen have looked to me very much like the papers of men who were examining up in the air. They have always filled me with a strong desire to see the answers. The non-resident examiner needs the practical experience of the resident to bring him down within the practical requirements of the case. He needs the non-resident colleague as a curb. On the other hand the resident examiner needs the non-resident as a spur. Neither can do so well by himself as the two can do together. Oxford has long admitted this truth by the constant

union of residents and non-residents in the work of examination. It has lately gone still further by appointing several examiners who are not members of the University at all. This last move is a thoroughly good and sound one; and, speaking for the one branch of Oxford study for which I am entitled to speak, I may say that, if I am ever called on to take another turn at my old work, I should be well pleased indeed to be yoked together with a colleague from Owens College.

It is only fair to say that some of the objections which Mr. Lowe has raised in an offensive shape have been raised by others in the way of fair argument. If to grant the power of conferring degrees to Owens College necessarily meant the examination of the candidates for those degrees by the Professors of Owens College only, I should not support the proposal. I have just now given my reasons. Teachers and non-teachers, residents and non-residents, ought to be joined together to make a thoroughly good examining board. To join them together is the existing practice of Oxford and Cambridge. Those Universities are not bound to do so by any Act of Parliament, or even by any statute of their own. They do so because experience has shown that that is the best way of compassing the end which is sought. One essential feature in the system of Owens College, one specially and strongly laid down by its founder, was conformity as far as might be to the model of the older Universities. Cannot the new University of Manchester be trusted to follow the example of Oxford and Cambridge in this as well as in other matters? There seems to me to be something ungenerous in making any law to force it to do what it is so plainly its duty to do. I feel sure that the present staff of Manchester Professors are wholly free from the motives which Mr. Lowe attributes to them; I am sure that they would be glad to keep their standard as high as possible, that they would welcome any help from

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outside, in the shape of examiners from other Universities or from no University at all, as fellow-workers in keeping up that standard. But if the Crown or the Legislature thought it necessary to provide against the possibility of their having successors who could not be so fully trusted, the remedy is of the very easiest. Nothing more is needed than to insert in the charter which gives the right of conferring degrees a clause ordaining that on every board of examiners there shall be a certain proportion of men who are not teachers in the University of Manchester. But my own belief is that it would be better not to make such restrictions. If Owens College so highly deserves public confidence as to be deemed fit to grant degrees, it deserves public confidence so highly that it may be left to its own sense of right and to the working of public opinion. Years ago complaints used to be made that fellowships in Oxford were not given away according to merit. Those complaints were true of some colleges, untrue of others. But there was only one college in whose case the Legislature thought it needful to lay down any restriction as to the choice of fellows. That college is, as far as I know, the only one against whose elections any such complaints have been made in later times.

In short, a movement on behalf of Owens College, a movement for calling into being a new University at Manchester, is a movement which looks in an exactly opposite direction from that in which Mr. Lowe fancies that it looks. It is not a movement in favour of lowering the standard of examination, but in favour of raising it. It is not that Owens College is afraid of the strictness of the London examinations; it is rather that Owens College wishes to throw off the trammels of a vague and impractical system of examination. The aim of London is to make a show of knowing everything; the aim of Manchester is to know well what it professes to know. It is because the Professors of Owens College are hampered in their system of teaching by the necessity of adapting

it to an examination which represents no system of teaching at all, that they are anxious to be set free from a connexion which has been found to work badly, and to be allowed to start fairly for themselves. The teaching of Owens College is as good as the ever present yoke of London will let it be. Break that yoke, and it will be better still. The eminent men who conduct that teaching will be able to conduct it freely, systematically, and to good profit, when they are no longer weakened by connexion with an examining board which requires a knowledge of one period of English history one year and of another the next. Set free from this bondage, the new University will be able to grow and prosper and hold its own. It will start with great advantages, as having no vicious traditions to cast aside, and as having the elder Universities before it, partly as beacons, partly as warnings. We may be sure that Manchester has seen enough of the London pretence of omniscience to need no warnings of dangers on that side. But it will need some courage, some energy, to keep quite clear of dangers on the other side. I would venture to repeat a piece of advice which I gave to the Professors of Owens College when they asked my opinion among others as to the proposed change. I have seen my words so often quoted both by friends and enemies that I do not scruple to quote them once more myself. "Don't keep your place at fever heat with endless examinations and class-lists, but let the degree itself be respectable. Let B.A. prove something, and M.A. prove something more, and don't go wild after senior-wranglers and double-firsts." I wrote thus in a letter which I did not suppose would ever be printed; but I can repeat the same warning more deliberately and more formally. There is too much examination in Oxford; there seems to be no moment when a man is not, according to his time of life, either examining or being examined. The result undoubtedly is that many more men read than otherwise would read. But I doubt whether it is healthy to

make the ideas of reading and examination inseparable. There seems no time left for work done for its own sake, without any reference to examinations. In my day there was much less examination than there is now; but I remember that I always felt the fear of the schools to be a hindrance to real work. It was not the necessity of adapting one's work to the examination in the sense of reading the books that were needed for examination. That was in every case a great gain. It was the constant thought that one was reading, not for the sake of learning, but for the sake of getting a place in the class-list. I remember that, when I was clear of the schools, having won in them only a place far inferior to that which was won by Mr. Lowe, my first thought was, "I have done with examinations; now I can work." Still examinations there must be; but I am not sure that examinations need imply class-lists. Let the degree itself be something; let the bachelor's degree be respectable, let the master's degree be honourable. In the letter of which I have already spoken, I recommended, and now recommend again, the German system of requiring for the doctor's degree, answering to our master's, a treatise dealing minutely with some point of some branch of study. The bachelor who aspires to a higher degree

should choose his subject—the wider the range of subjects the better—and he should show his mastery over the subject that he chooses by being able to treat some point of it in thorough detail. A Manchester University, starting fair, would be better able to introduce this system than any existing University which would have to substitute this system for some other. Let it have scholarships, fellowships, if it will; but before all things let its degrees be realities. Let its bachelor's degree be a real mark of a respectable amount of preliminary knowledge; let its master's degree be an honourable mark of preliminary training brought to bear on some special branch of knowledge. The field is open; Manchester may fill it if it will. The older Universities will look on the experiment without jealousy, and they will gain something by the experiment being made. As for the feeling represented by Mr. Lowe and his constituents, the unwillingness of the master to let go his bondmen, that feeling is as old as Pharaoh and as new as Midhat; but it must not be allowed to count in the least degree towards hindering an institution which has done much in a state of bondage from doing yet more in a state of freedom.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

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